

THE SECRET OF THE RAJ

MATHEWS



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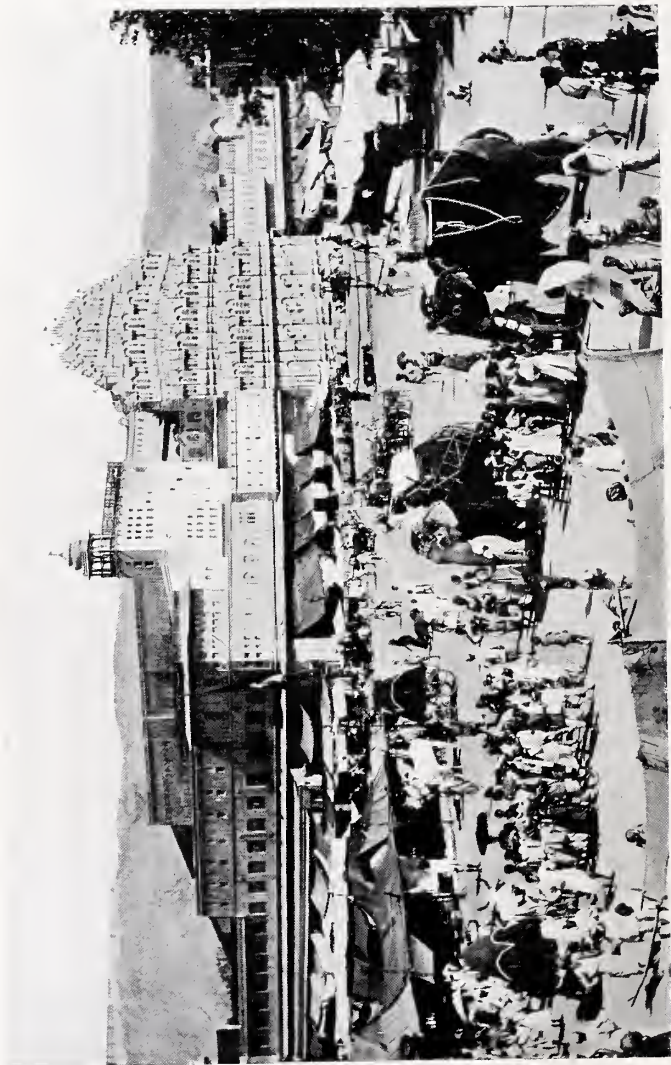
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THE INDIAN SCENE
A Street in Jeypore

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THE SECRET OF THE RAJ

✓ BY
BASIL MATHEWS, M.A.

AUTHOR OF
"THE SPLENDID QUEST," "LIVINGSTONE THE PATHFINDER,"
"JOHN WILLIAMS THE SHIPBUILDER," ETC.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE SOCIETY FOR INDIA
MADRAS ALLAHABAD CALCUTTA RANGOON COLOMBO

TO BOYS

ALL the world has wondered at the eagerness with which India has cried, in this memorable year,

“Here and here has England helped me :
How can I help England ?”—say.

This book is written to tell not only how the heroes of other days have sought to help India, but what remains for us. Few of us will be able to read many lines of it without feeling that India is a glorious field of service. Some of us may find our way thither one day. All of us will realise that we are pledged, as brothers in the Empire, to do something for India—even if it be only to learn to understand her better, and to help others to do the same.

Behind the book lies a whole world of other books. Mr Mathews has made no attempt to tell us everything. Yet on every page there are sentences that will drive us to find out more for ourselves. It is therefore of the greatest importance that we should read other books, and the right books, since no one can properly read or talk about any book if he has read that one alone. The list of books at the end of this volume has been specially prepared to supplement Mr Mathews' chapters. There is not a stodgy book

among them. It is therefore hoped that boys will make much use of the list.

It has been splendid to work with Mr Mathews. We all owe him a debt for such a book as this. Only the Editor, however, knows quite the measure of the service Mr Mathews has rendered us in heroically undertaking, at a late date, a very large task.

The Editor desires to express gratitude to Canon E. H. M. Waller, C.M.S., Bishop-designate of Tinnevely, and R. Maconachie, Esq., late I.C.S., for valuable criticism, and to the members of his Editorial Committee, especially Captain N. G. Brett James, Master of the School House, Mill Hill, and the Rev. J. A. F. Warren, late of Allahabad, for their unsparing co-operation. For pictures he is indebted to A. S. F. Morris, Esq., C.M.S., L.M.S., the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Messrs Johnson & Hoffman.

BASIL A. YEAXLEE

PREFACE

THE quest of this book is for the secret of the passionate loyalty that unites India to the British *raj*. It sets out to explore the laws of all good government, made known to us by Him who

Smote for us a pathway to the ends of the earth.

Lord Bryce focusses the whole mystery in a few luminous sentences and a humorous story when he writes :

“The English have impressed the imagination of the Indian people by their resistless energy and their almost uniform success. Their domination seems to have about it an element of the supernatural, for the masses of India are still in that mental condition which looks to the supernatural for an explanation of whatever astonishes it. The British *raj* fills them with a sense of awe and mystery. That over three hundred millions of men should be ruled by a few pale-faced strangers from beyond the great and wide sea, strangers who all obey some distant power, and who never, like the lieutenants of Oriental sovereigns, try to revolt for their own benefit—this seems too wonderful to be anything but the doing of some unseen and irresistible divinity.

“I heard at Lahore an anecdote which,

slight as it is, illustrates the way in which the native thinks of these things. A tiger had escaped from the Zoological Gardens, and its keeper, hoping to lure it back, followed it. When all other inducements had failed, he lifted up his voice and solemnly adjured it in the name of the British Government, to which it belonged, to come back to its cage. The tiger obeyed!"¹

When India at the Delhi Durbar saw the most gorgeous pageant that even her three thousand years of history can show, there came the hitherto unseen and mysterious Ruler of this Empire—a small man riding undecorated, the King-Emperor. The sheer simplicity and humanity of it, and of King George's life during those weeks in India, drew the people to him with the irresistible "cords of a man."

Those weeks made clear what I believe to be the truth about the British *raj*, that its whole secret lies first of all in character. And when the King-Emperor, from the throne of an Empire whose extent baffled the people's imagination, stepped into a little Indian Christian church and there knelt in reverent adoration of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, he gave India such a vision of humility in her own Ruler as she will always treasure. She saw also in that quiet scene the secret of the making of that kind of character which we feel to be the secret of the *raj* itself.

B. M.

¹ *The Ancient Roman Empire and the British Empire in India.*

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THE SECRET OF THE RAJ

CHAPTER I

AN EMPIRE IN BEING

Yet I doubt not through the ages, an increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

TENNYSON.

WHEN I buy an evening paper from a newsboy at the street corner, I hand to him a brown coin—the commonest medium of exchange in the British Empire. And we go our ways, forgetting the trivial occurrence. Yet incidentally I have handed to him what is, in the facts for which it stands, the most wonderful inscription ever written in the imperial language of Rome :

GEO. V. : DEI GRA : BRITT : OMN :
REX FID : DEF : IND : IMP :

BRITT : OMN : “All the British dominions.” The words are written in the language of the Roman people who,

when their Empire stretched from the Nile to the Seine, and from the Syrian Desert to the Pillars of Hercules, invaded the south-eastern corner of the island of the savage Britons. To an imperial Roman captain, leading his legion against the spears of a British tribe, our wild island forefathers appeared much as a savage chief in his war-paint looks to-day to a British official straight from Whitehall. "All the British dominions" at that hour meant little more than tribes of truculent and valiant savages in hamlets of huts on a foggy island, one corner of which was under the dominion of the Roman eagle. All the rest was a *terra incognita* of forest and down and moor, very dear to the people who lived in it, and who, having defended it against the fiery Pict, now fell back before the pitiless Roman.

Then the mighty arm of Rome was shortened and she drew back from Britain. Over the Roman wall between Solway and Tyne the Picts poured down upon the defenceless Britons. The swift long-ships of the Vikings nosed their way into Tees and Humber, Thames and Medway. The Norsemen sacked the cities of the east coast

and pelted our Archbishop to death with beef-bones after gorging themselves at dinner.

The Saxons and Angles, following up the pirate raids with continuous invasion, hammered our coasts and drove back the Briton into the mountains of the west. The Saxon built his townships for wife and child by river-ford and on hill-side, and soon became part of the land that he ploughed, the fields on which his cattle grazed and the woods where his pigs rooted for acorns. . . . We became England.

Heroic pioneers like Wilfrid, the far-traveller, who preached Christ to the savage Saxons of Sussex, the brave missionaries from Iona, and Augustine from Rome, drove out the fierce old Saxon gods, Tiu and Woden, Thor and Frida, (the gods from whom we still name the days of our week). So our Lord was worshipped in the sturdy little timber and stone churches up and down the land.

The Danes flung themselves on Alfred and he smote them back.¹ So England,

¹ As a thanksgiving for his victory, Alfred in A.D. 883 "sent alms to India to S. Thomas and S. Bartholomew in fulfilment of a vow he made when they were 'encamped against the Danes at London.'" This was the first recorded contact of "England" with "India."

under the battering of her foes, began to be one land under one king, and the Normans came over the Channel to complete the work. As with the Saxons, so now with the Normans, the men who came to conquer a foreign country stayed to call it their homeland. We wrestled in an agony of civil war under Stephen. We made and lost conquests in France. Aquitaine and the Pyrenees seemed nearer to us than Wales and Snowdon, when our Queen Eleanor brought to her husband all the lands beyond the River Loire. Even when we lost these we still felt that we had a part in the life of Europe.

Gradually, as the centuries passed, through fire and between hammer and anvil England, with all its people—Celt and Saxon, Angle, Dane, and Norman—was welded into a single sword.

As England became one, she found a speech. The English language grew richer and stronger through Caedmon to Chaucer, and on to Shakespeare and the translators of the Bible. Public schools were founded and universities grew. And from the days of great Henry II. England came

more and more into obedience to a common law.

OMN : BRITT : still meant simply the southern half of our islands, inhabited now by one undivided people living in city, town, and village, accustomed to self-government and obedient to a common law, simple-hearted and drunken, erect, obstinate, self-conscious, and with a common speech.

When Grenville, Hawkins, Raleigh, and Drake swept from the Devon coast into the Spanish Main they were out for adventure, to capture galleons of gold and "to singe the Spaniard's beard." They never guessed to what their daring was to lead. Very few Englishmen even heard the news when, in 1600, Queen Elizabeth, three years before her death, signed a charter allowing her merchants "on their own adventures" to trade with and make settlement among the people of India; or again when, in 1606, James I. granted a simple charter to some Englishmen who had settled on the coast of America on land which they named Virginia in honour of Elizabeth. And the few men who knew of these charters little thought they were

the first constitutional steps in the creation of a world-scattered

Dominion over palm and pine.

Spain, Portugal, Holland, and France each achieved empire in the New World, and on the fringes of Africa and the East. Slowly Britain, by courses in which glory and shame, generosity and greed, humanity and ghastly cruelties like those of the slave trade¹ are strangely mixed, gained the dominance of the seas, the control of North America, and a foothold in Africa and India.

It was a long, complicated process, marked among a thousand other events by the incoming of Scotland, and later of Ireland, to the realm that thus became Great Britain, the growth of the British navy and trade, and the gradual colonisation of the New World.

One of the old Roman writers had said

¹ Sir John Hawkins was the first Englishman to engage in the trade. He tells us (*v. Hakluyt, Principall Voyages*) how in 1567 he set fire to an African town, and "out of 8000 inhabitants succeeded in seizing 200 persons, men, women, and children." But we remember that, in 1833, England paid £20,000,000 to cleanse her Empire of slavery.

of the Englishman that he was a "free-necked man, married to a white-armed woman who can hit as hard as horses kick." England in those days was still like that Saxon woman. She had, however, now become a mother of child-colonies across the sea. Yet she did not know exactly how to treat her children. She could "hit as hard as horses kick," but she had not learned that a family becomes strong and full of happy life in the proportion in which the sons and daughters are linked to the parent by love and respect, and discover their own powers through wise guidance and not under threats and blows.

So in the bitter war with our sons in America—men of our own blood—we learned the lesson that we cannot found an empire by imposing unjust demands on a free people. That war lopped from the British Empire its greatest colony, and founded the United States of America.

Meanwhile the old East India merchants at Surat and Calcutta, Bombay and Madras traded with the Indians, while Clive fought his battles with Dupleix. At last, by processes that we never planned and

hardly understood, India became a British dependency. Captain Cook revealed the wonderful hidden savage islands of the Pacific Ocean. Australia and New Zealand were linked to the Motherland. Livingstone, in the next century, opened to an astonished world a new continent hidden behind the coasts of Africa. From the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope new territory and fresh peoples passed under the British rule.

It seemed as though some hidden hand were pushing the people of this little island into a place where they were to be one of its great tools in shaping the growth of a new and wonderful world.

The clipped inscription which we read on the penny that we jingle absent-mindedly in our pockets describes to-day a dominion wider than anything of which Alexander of Macedon dreamed even in the hour when he scaled the Afghan passes and saw the vast plains of India waiting his conquest, an empire wealthy beyond the wildest dreams of the Pharaohs; it speaks of a power that dwarfs the rule of Xerxes or an Augustus.

Yet stranger than its world-range or its



THE BOATS

The Yearly Race for the Head of the River, Srinagar School

wealth is the indefinable bond, as invisible as air and as strong as steel cable, by which this amazing *imperium* links together the newsboy and the reader of this book with the cannibal Papuan chief still in the stone-age, the Indian Maharaja with his glittering *entourage*, the hustling settler on the Canadian prairie, and the shrivelled Bushman of the Kalahari desert with no property save a bow and arrows and an ostrich shell. This invisible but living tether binds the negro digging in the sugar plantations of Jamaica; the tea-planter riding over his estates in Ceylon, and the coolies who run at his nod; the white merchant watching his cargoes coming into the harbours at Sydney, and the yellow merchant counting his bales at the wharves of Hong Kong. The same loyalties tug curiously at the heart of the Sudanese swinging across the desert on his camel; the young subaltern looking up at Gordon's statue at Khartoum; the black pagan of Nigeria dancing at night by his village fires; the South Sea Islander on a piece of board riding the surf that breaks on his coral island; the Secretary of State sending from Whitehall "wireless" messages

that guide the movements of the Grand Fleet a hundred leagues across the sea.

The great war of 1914 began a new era in world-history. Half Europe thought of this imperial bond as an illusion, and expected to see it snap like a piece of thread. Would the Indian nationalist leap at the chance of breaking the light thread that held him in allegiance to GEO. V. : IMP : IND : ? Should we have a second Indian Mutiny when harassed by war in Europe ? Would the Egyptian and the Indian Moslem rise and slay their " infidel " rulers when the *jihad* was sounded from the minarets of Constantinople ? Would Canada and Australia stand aside to escape the frightful cost of war ?

We ourselves would never have dared to prophesy the wonderful thing that did happen. The answer of India was bugle-clear,—“ What orders from the King-Emperor for me and my men ? ” Canada and Australia and New Zealand leapt to the side of the Motherland. South Africa set herself resolutely to her own task. Even little Niue—so wild when Captain Cook discovered it that he could not land, and therefore called it Savage Island—

offered its handful of men, as "the little child of the Empire."

It is easy to be proud of this bond and unspeakably glad that, invisible as it is, it has proved, under this test, invincibly strong. It is very certain that it should flood us with a feeling of awe, as at a voice which says

Humble ye my people, and be fearful in your
mirth.

For it would be death and horror to the Empire that holds all these peoples to-day if

. . . drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe.

It is, however, strangely difficult to discover wherein lies the secret strength of the bond. Common trade interests unite peoples, but Australasia and Canada did not give of their best manhood in August 1914 out of enthusiasm for commerce. Common blood counts for much, indeed for everything in the case of these "young lions of the Empire": yet the United States rightly stood aside, while India, not bound by ties of blood, flung across land and sea treasure and men. By what

constraint was India drawn to so sacrificial an expression of loyalty? We no longer trust to the mere authority of arms in India; the exercise of military power alone might have reproduced in the crisis of 1914 another Mutiny like that of 1857.

We may come a little closer to the mysterious reality for which we are searching by contrasting our own Empire with the greatest and most enduring empires of history. The Roman Empire stood for a conception of order, expressed through military power, administration, and law. The Greek Empire, which Rome had absorbed, spread over the world of that day a conception of beauty, expressed especially in words, in marble, and in perfect human athletic trim. For what, then, does the British Empire essentially stand? When a Chinese boy of sixteen in A.D. 2700, learning the story of the British Empire, begins to wonder what called men in Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, and Burma, men on the Ganges, the Nile, the St Lawrence, the Niger, and the Thames to die in loyalty to that Empire, what will stand out as our central characteristic?

It will not be such a conception of beauty

as Greece held. It will have in it some of the elements of order, administration and justice which marked Rome. The Roman general who kept the wall against the Picts is paralleled by Roberts, forcing the Khaiber Pass against the Afghans; the Roman Governor of Judæa had tasks not unlike those of the Viceroy of India. But in and behind these things in our Empire to-day, making them all and uniting us all, is a living ideal of character for which we stand, a conception rooted in the absolute and binding nature of the pledged word, and the value of a human personality. This does not mean that we have never been false to these laws. Wherever we find a page in our history that we turn over hastily in shame it is one in which we have gone back from an explicit or implied pledge (as, for instance, Clive once did), or have treated humanity as a thing for sale, as we did when we became the chief slave-traders in the world.

The story of Dilawur Khan, a wild Afghan robber on whose head a great price was set, is one among countless incidents illustrating the working of this principle. Dilawur Khan received in his

mountain lair a message from Colonel Harry Lumsden, who had been in pursuit of him among the hills on the North-Western frontier of India. The message said that Lumsden wished to speak with him, and would give him a safe pass in and out of the British camp. Lumsden saw in this bandit a possible recruit for his famous and wonderful corps of Guides.¹ The Afghan came unarmed into Lumsden's camp, refused the suggestion, and departed again untouched. Some time later, of his own accord he threw up his robber life and joined Lumsden's Guides.

The plighted word grappled to the Empire a powerful friend who before had been a violent enemy. What was so dramatically clear of that Afghan robber is silently active in all our government of India,—that in a world of mirage, of wheels within wheels, of subtlety and illusion, one thing, and one only, stands stark and simple and secure—the given word of a Briton.

But there is another astonishingly powerful thread in the bond, a thread that rarely gets into the history books,

¹ The first soldiers who ever wore khaki.

yet invisibly makes the history. We see a man like John Lawrence, for instance, in his days as a magistrate, sitting behind a trestle table under a tree all through a flaming Indian day. Hour after hour brown Indian villagers bring to him their disputes ; one about the boundary between his plot of land and his neighbour's ; another about the dowry of his son's bride ; a third about a poisoned cow. The interminable list of trivial wranglings is poured out before him. Patiently, but firmly, he gives his decision on each, and takes up the next case. At night, as he sits smoking in front of his tent, the elders of the villages come and squat on the ground before him, and talk.

Here is the quiet service of true greatness. This is why the name "Jan Lárence," as they called him, was more powerful among a thousand villages to win loyalty to the Empire than a whole army corps. This is why he was made Viceroy and created Lord Lawrence. He and the hundreds of unknown men like him, who have given that patient, splendid service to the simple village people of India, have slowly, quietly, with no swagger or recognition,

been the silent weavers of the living tether that binds India to Britain.

This book is written in the decided conviction that no force of arms can keep our Empire together if we lose fidelity to truth, respect for "the other man," reverence for human freedom, and a conception of government that involves simple service of the people governed. These are threads in the invisible bond. The real traitors to the unity of the British Empire are the liar, the bully, and the selfish "slacker." Wherever we are hypocrites or tyrants—and we have at times been both—we have weakened the link. Our present task is to show how India, our first and greatest dependency, demonstrates the truth by which alone the whole Empire can live—that the bond is strong in proportion to the strength of the character of its servants, the men who at home or in ten thousand outposts represent it among the peoples that together make up the British Empire.

CHAPTER II

“ THE WARRING WORLD OF HINDUSTAN ”

It is a curious thing how we Indians, when we are outside India, can be Indians pure and simple, fighting the battle of Imperial citizenship. . . . And yet the moment we get back to our own land we relapse, as if at the touch of a magic wand, into our old rivalries in life and interests. Why is it that we cannot be Indians in India?—Sir S. SUBRAMANIA IYER (Indian National Congress, 1914).

DARK-HAIRED, sturdy savages were creeping from their hill-caves to snare wild-fowl in the marshes of the Thames when strange, tall, ^{About} 3000 B.C. fairer men, whom we call the Aryans, came pouring out upon the world from the lands near the Caspian Sea. The Aryans swept from the Caucasus westward, and they wandered to the south and east.

They fought with spears and swords, both against other races and among themselves. Their chiefs rode in chariots, for they understood the use of wheels. They

could beat out gold ornaments and copper shields; but they knew nothing of iron. They rode horses and ponies, and kept herds of cattle. They drank ale and milk; they ate grain, butter, mutton and beef. They bowed their heads before the "Bright Ones," as they called their gods—the Sun and the Sky, the Dawn and the Storm, and the Presence behind them all. And their women were free to choose their own husbands.

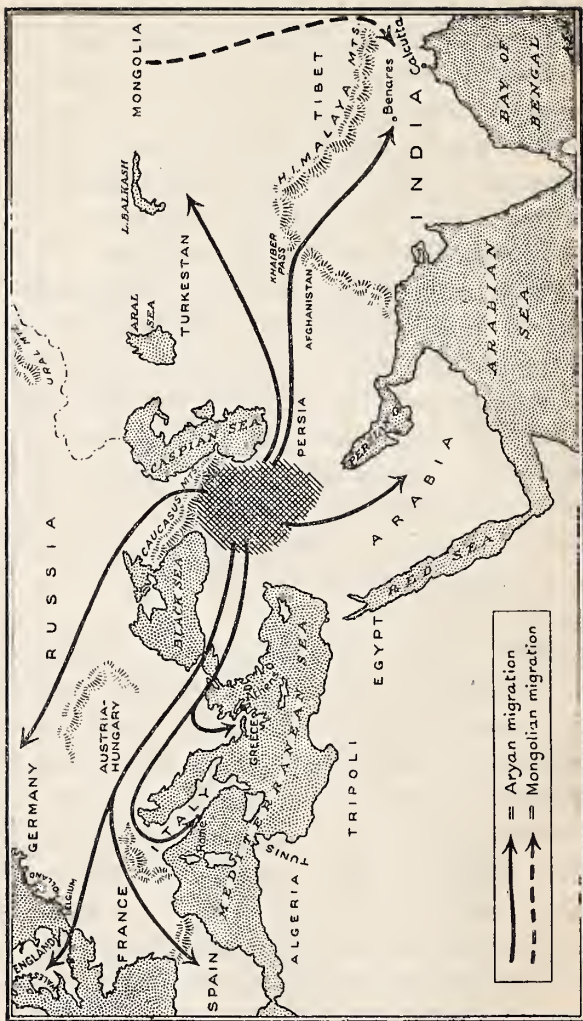
The hordes of these fathers of the Aryan race who, with their wives and children, drove their herds westward, harried the dark savages in the forests and on the plains of Europe, and made slaves of them. They created Athens and all "the beauty that was Greece." They skirted the Alps, and from the banks of "Father Tiber" carried the Roman eagle over all the world of that day. They poured in successive waves across the North Sea on to the coast of Britain, as Celt and Saxon, Angle, Dane, and Norman. We are Aryans.

The other Aryan hordes, however, in those pre-historic days, wandered south-east and fought their way across the land

that we know as Persia. Long before Nineveh or Babylon was built they poured down the Tigris Valley. They swept eastward under the shadow of the Hindu Kush, through the Afghan passes into a great sun-smitten plain, defended by the mightiest rampart in the world—the Himālayas.

Those tremendous mountains, rising peak beyond dazzling peak to eternal snows where no man has ever stepped, fling up a thousand-mile barrier that defends and waters all the north of India. Issuing from the Himālayas—"the Abode of Snow"—two mighty encircling arms, the Indus and the Brahmaputra, embrace the great plain through which the sacred river Ganges flows.

Those ancient Aryans poured through the Khaiber and other passes on to that wide plain through blazing sunshine and torrential rain. They drove the dark, short, "noseless blackskins," as they called the Dravidian aborigines, across the Five Rivers of the Indus. Like their cousins in Europe, they made the native people their slaves. The haughty Aryans did not marry these "slave-fiends," as they also called them. They thought that



= = Aryan migration
 = = Mongolian migration

MIGRATIONS OF THE ARYANS

their gods, the "Bright Ones," hated the Dravidians. For they sang praises to the

Stormy gods who rush on like furious bulls,
And scatter the black-skin.

The dark, sturdy aboriginal people did not worship the "Bright Ones," but trembled before the demons that lived (they believed) in snakes and spirit-haunted trees, in running streams and dark awesome mountains.

So the Aryans occupied and ruled all that land which we now call the Punjab, Kashmir, and Rajputana.¹ The high-caste Indians who live in those states of our Indian Empire now—the Rajputs and Brahmins—are, like ourselves, descendants of that Aryan race which spread from the Caucasus.

From the plain of the Five Rivers some of the Aryans fought their way still farther eastward into the upper plain of the Ganges. Here they met other Aryans who had clambered down from the plateau through the snow-passes of the Himālayas.

These Aryans on the upper Ganges still despised the dark-skinned people, but

¹ See map, pp. 106-7.

married their women. The children of this mixed race to-day fill the wonderful Ganges-land of gleaming cities, whose stories we enjoy best of all when we read about India—Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad, Benares. The Aryans never pushed farther east than Benares.

These Aryo-Dravidians of the Gangetic Plain are the people who have made the wonderful things that mean “India” to most of us to-day—the Temples of Benares, and the thousand gods and goddesses who live in them, the cities by Jumna and Ganges, the wonderful songs and wisdom that were spoken from father to son through the centuries till they were written in the great books of praise and law, custom, and thought, which we call the Vedas.

When the original Aryans swept into the valley of the Indus, west of the Himālayas, hordes of Mongols poured from the high plateau down the valley of the Brahmaputra to the plains of Bengal, the hot-house of Asia, and married the aborigines who lived on that plain.

The Aryans, therefore, never settled farther south than the Vindhya range, beyond which the great sun-scorched

plateau of the Deccan spreads, and breaks into the rivers and hills of South India.

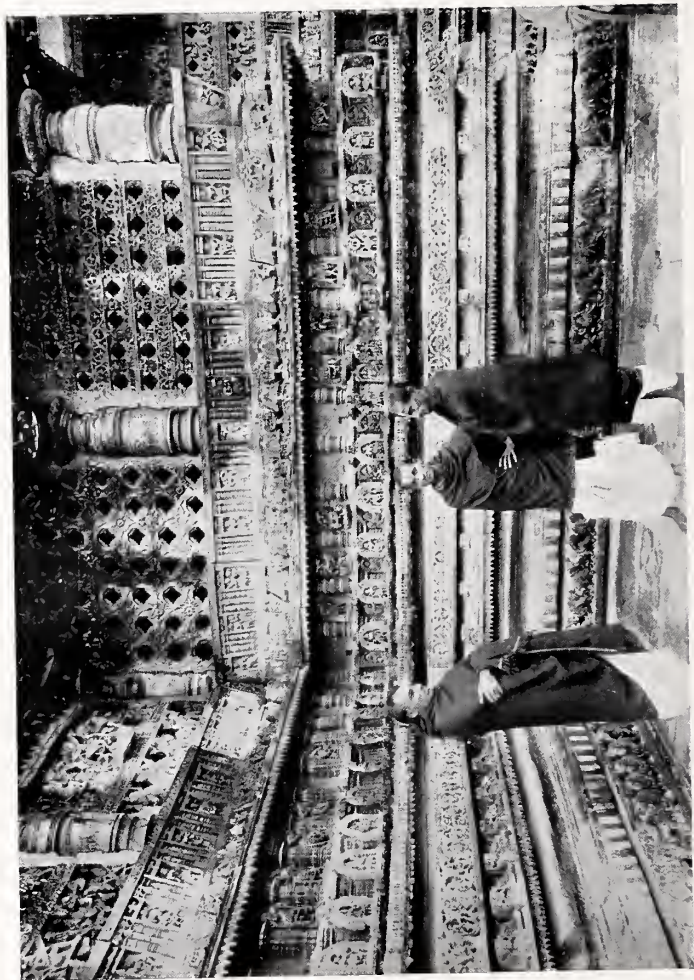
In these forests and on the plateau of the Deccan, down the southern rivers, and along the coast right down to Cape Comorin, the dark Dravidian aborigines, all through the centuries of history, have sat round their dung-fires at night in the villages; have worshipped fearfully their demon gods of the serpent and the tree, of fever and blight; slept in their rude huts, and wakened to begin their ploughing in those limitless fields of Central and South India. In their cities they have built their massive dark temples for the worship of their greater gods. Protected by the Vindhya hills and by surf-smitten, almost harbourless coasts, the South Indian suffered little from the invader.

The Khaiber Pass, in the north-west, has been the funnel through which, since the dim far-off days when the Aryans came, horde after horde of wild, fighting conquerors from the bracing plateaux of Central and Western Asia have swept down and raided or ruled the dreaming people in the hot plains.

Some thousands of years after the first Aryans had settled there, an army led
326 B.C. by a young Greek poured past
Babylon, through the Khaiber Pass, down on to the plain of the Indus. Alexander the Great, still under thirty, and the ruler of an empire that stretched from Corinth to the Hindu Kush, had decided to conquer India.

Alexander crossed, one by one, the rivers of the Punjab, and hurled his glittering cavalry against the regiments of Indian elephants, whose bulk and smell and trumpeting filled the horses with terror. By Greek daring and discipline he routed the forces of Porus on the banks of the Jhelum. But it was Alexander's last fight in India. He ordered his armies to march toward the valley of the Ganges. Even Greek discipline at last broke. Alexander's soldiers, smitten by the fierce blaze of the Indian summer, refused to follow him. Within three years he lay dead in Babylon.

A young Indian adventurer, Chandragupta, had haunted the camp of Alexander, drawing the Greeks toward the Ganges with stories of houses of silver, and treasures



“THE REAL RULERS OF THE INNER LIFE OF INDIA”

of gold and rubies. Within three years of Alexander's short campaign, Chandra-gupta set himself to the task of carving out a kingdom of his own on the plain of the Upper Ganges. He drove his enemies north and west and east and south, till his rule stretched from the Bay of Bengal, across India, beyond the Afghan passes, to the borders of Persia.

Chandra-gupta's Maurya empire, as it was called, grew after his death, till, in the days of his grandson the great Buddhist warrior-priest Asoka, ^{320-180 B.C.} the rule spread from the Himālayas southward across the river plain and over the Vindhya mountains to the Deccan and to Travancore. It was Asoka who took a little religious sect in the swamps of the Ganges Valley that followed the teaching of the son of a village headman, Gautama, the Enlightened—the Buddha—and made its faith the religion of his whole empire. It has now spread throughout the world.

This Maurya empire, which lasted roughly from 320 until 180 B.C., was the greatest ever wielded in India until the coming of the British *raj*. When the Maurya empire broke up, the lust of loot devastated

Northern India. The glittering cities like Delhi, with their splendid temples and gleaming palaces hiding priceless treasures, fascinated the Tartar brigand chiefs of Central Asia and Afghanistan. For six centuries, from the first century before Christ to the fourth after His birth, packs of Scythian and Tartar raiders from the plateaux of Central Asia harried the human sheepfold of the Indus Valley like wolves. The Kushan kings in Afghanistan spread fire and sword as far east as Benares, and at last ruled that plain for three centuries.

But the Kushan kings lost grip, and North India again became a cock-pit for the fighting of bantam princes, A. D. 320-480. till the warring peoples were brought together again by the Gupta monarchy, which arose in the Ganges Valley (A. D. 320), and, for at least a century and a half, ruled over contented peoples through North India and a part of the South. When Indians look back to the "golden age" it is to the years of the Gupta kings.

The Huns then swept from the great plateau of Central Asia westward over

Europe and southward into India. The Huns were the Vesuvius of India, and the Gupta empire their Pompeii. After the Hun invasion, North India became a welter of feuds. A score of rival teams on a field that had no goal strove in one wild continuous "scrum," without a referee.

A short break came with the rule of Harsha, a fiery Indian king who established his rule by such ceaseless war that for six years "the elephants A. D. 606-647. did not put off their housings nor the soldiers their breastplates." He was the last Indian ruler who was ever emperor over all Northern India, and he died in A. D. 648. Since his day every emperor in India has been of foreign origin. India's last great native king died before England had ever had a king, when Wessex and Mercia were still fighting for supremacy.

While Harsha, the Hindu, and his subjects were bowing in worship before their hundreds of strange idols on the Ganges plain, a fiery prophet, Mohammed, born on the Arabian plains in Mecca, launched a fighting religion that made its followers swear to burn every idol, and to slay every infidel who dared to worship contrary to

his teaching. Mohammed's followers with scimitar and spear and mace spread his religion westward as far as Spain and eastward to the defiles of the Hindu Kush. They soon fixed their eyes on the rich cities of India. But for a century or so they made only fitful efforts to grasp them.

By this time the last remnant of Harsha's Indian empire had broken up. Geographically India was one, but really it was a score of peoples under a hundred petty kings, distracted, bewildered, with no central government, and with each prince raiding his neighbours.

The hoarse shout *Allah Akbar*—"Great is God"—surging at dawn from the throats of an army that wound through the wild, barren defiles of the Khaiber Pass heralded the coming of the Mohammedan hordes. It was in the days when swarms of Danes harried Æthelred the Unready on the Kentish and Essex coasts and attacked London that Mahmūd of Ghazni became the Moslem Viking of North-West India. From his mountain-capital between Kabul and Kandahar Mahmūd led his forces under

Mahmūd,
A.D.
997-1030.

the Crescent banner on to the Indian plain. From the far-off day when King Canute the Dane mounted the throne of England, through eight centuries, till Victoria was queen, the grip of the Mohammedan rule never completely loosened from India.

Mahmūd—the Smasher of Idols, as he named himself—in twenty-five years fought seventeen furious campaigns in India. He flung down raja after raja from his throne, rushed homeward up the passes with battalions of Indian elephants to drive back Tartar invaders from his own highland capital, and then dashed back again to strike blow after blow from Lahore to Gujrat. He captured the fortress temple of Nagarcot, with its wagon-loads of solid gold ingots, its pearls, corals, diamonds, rubies, and glittering heaps of coin, and feasted in triumph on tables of silver while seated on a throne of gold.

Some years later Mahmūd threw his forces southward across 350 miles of desert, his supplies being carried by 20,000 camels toward a holy temple of enormous wealth at Somnat.

His men charged the defences of the temple. For three furious days the battle raged. The Moslems wavered. Mahmūd threw himself on the ground prostrate before Allah. Then he leapt upon his horse and charged, calling to his troops to follow. Shouting *Allah Akbar* they rushed on impetuously, and routed the Hindus with frightful slaughter. Mahmūd himself, entering the temple, cast down the filthy idol and loaded himself with loot. But the Smasher of Idols never stopped to establish his rule.

Mahmūd of Ghazni's loosely held empire withered under his feeble successors, till Mohammed of Ghor—a city whose foundations were cemented of mortar made with the blood of nobles from Ghazni—built the empire again and built it strongly. For thirty years Mohammed campaigned and governed amid mingled defeat and victory till his empire straddled from Peshawur for fifteen hundred miles across the Indus and the Ganges to the Bay of Bengal. The quarrels of the Rajput kings of Delhi and Kanauj and Ajmir helped him to play off one against the other—to “divide and rule.”

Mohammed had never made his capital in India ; but his Indian Viceroy, Kutab-ud-din, who had been born a ^{Slave-Kings,} slave, now proclaimed himself ^{1206-1290.} Emperor at Delhi. His "slave-dynasty" ruled North India under a storm of troubles through most of the thirteenth century.

The Slave-Kings, still Afghans ruling at Delhi, never attacked South India ; but their successors drove a wedge through the Vindhya mountain tribes and raided the Deccan. In the days when, in Britain, Edward II. was fighting Bruce for the prize of Scotland, Ala-ud-din of Delhi conquered India down to Cape Comorin, though revolt and rebellion never ceased to rear their heads.

The fiercely cruel scholar - general Mohammed Tughlak, who followed, and reigned through the second quarter of the fourteenth century, drove Hindu princes and officers into an untamable fury of revolt. And after him came the ghastly cruelties of Timur, ending in desolation and a weakened rule. For over a century the Moslem rule was palsied and fitful, till in 1526 the Tartar Lion, Babar, after a youth as a throneless, homeless, hunted

prince, seized Kabul, strengthened his Afghan rule, and conquered the effete Moslem Indian empire and the powerful Rajput princes. He left an empire that stretched from Central Asia to Bengal.

Babar's son lost this new empire ; but his grandson became the greatest individual

A. D. ruler India has ever known—

1556-1605. Akbar the Great. Coming to the throne at fourteen years old, two years before Elizabeth became Queen of England, he ruled for forty-nine years, dying two years after our Queen had been succeeded by James I.

Akbar was the William the Conqueror of India. Like William he came of a foreign fighting race, yet made the place that he conquered his home. As William with the Saxons, so Akbar with the Hindus, made friends with the vanquished, and gave them high place in government. Each was obliged to leave a part of his country unconquered : in William's case it was the North ; in Akbar's it was the far South of his dominions. Each of them carried out a wonderful survey of the lands and people ; Akbar made a kind of Domesday Book of India. Both of them founded a dynasty

of rulers ; and in each case their powerful successors were the men who linked up the native people with their own court and used them in government, their feeble successors those who, like our Stephen, flung the country into civil war by excluding the native from a share in the government. They were both troubled by their own sons. Like William the Conqueror, Akbar was strong, relentless and pitiless, yet just and not petulant. But unlike William, Akbar was a broad, tolerant, educated man, who loved to hear discussions between Moslem, Hindu, Parsi, and Christian, and himself tried to found a religion that would blend what he believed to be the best in each.

The problem of Akbar, Aurangzeb, and the long array of Moghul emperors, was the problem of slaying the Hydra. India, like some of her own gods, had many heads. North and South, East and West, wherever the back of the emperor was turned, a new head of rebellion rose in distracting defiance. No one of India's conquerors wielded the charmed sword that would cut off all the heads of the Hydra at once. The Rajputs ravaged the

cities and were driven off a hundred times, but were never conquered. The Sikhs, a new sect of fighting Hindus, who, unlike the ordinary Hindu, believed in one invisible God, rose into power in the mountains and took a bull-dog grip on the Punjab. The fiery fighting Marathas, from whom the Gaekwar of Baroda is descended, harried the government's flank, and grew in strength till, when the Moghul Empire broke up, they were the greatest power in India. The Moghul Emperors, in a sense, ruled their vast dominions, but they never really administered them.

Indeed the Moghuls, strong as they were, lacked the last secret of power in government. They governed for themselves and not for the sake of India. They kept court sages and poets, whose verses were sung to the sound of dulcimer and lute. They taxed the people, and, with the money, built the most opulent palaces and the most gorgeous tombs in the world ; the gleaming palace at Delhi, more than a mile in circuit ; the Taj Mahal, " planned by Titans and completed by jewellers " ; the Pearl Mosque at Agra, perhaps the most exquisitely lovely house of worship in the world. But

the common people were oppressed and starved, harried and slain. From famine-stricken hovels they looked at the palaces in which their conquerors feasted. No eye of pity or thought of justice turned toward the simple people who then, as always, formed the vast mass of the Indian people.

There are no viler or more awful cruelties in the world's history than those of the Moghul Emperors in India. In cold blood they trampled their captives to death under elephants ; tore out the hearts of children to fling in the faces of their fathers ; pulled men slowly to pieces with red-hot pincers. Tughlak organized enormous man-hunts in which every man, woman and child in whole districts was slain. Timur feasted his friends, gloating the while over a massacre which choked the streets below.

They did these things to strike terror into their subjects. But though they held India for eight centuries, they never held all of her, nor was their rule ever free from revolt.

We have flown swiftly over nearly five thousand years of the history of " the

warring world of Hindustan." What have we seen ?

With gold and jewels beyond the wildest dreams of Solomon, and rich river-fed and sun-enchanted plains that would grow limitless crops of food, she has suffered incredible famines, and left her people in unspeakable poverty. With hundreds of millions of men and women and children from the high Himālayan snow-line to the jungle-hidden swamp villages of Bengal and the backwater towns of Travancore ; with men equal in power of thought to the subtlest philosopher of Europe, there was yet no knitting of India's vast strength to face issues and tackle tasks worthy of her powers.

India's mystics and poets, such as Kabir or Tulsi Dās, have given enduring expression to feelings of devotion to the Unseen which move us Western people to shame by their depth and strength. Yet India's multitudes pay reverence to fakirs sitting on innumerable nails, blistering amidst five fires under the flaming sky, glaring with unblinking eyes into the sun till their eyeballs are burnt out, or dragging their naked length through miles of

choking dust to the feet of a ghastly god.

Through all the story we have wonderful powers running to waste, and the main cause of that waste has been India's everlasting disunion.

In all those centuries no one foreign conqueror ever succeeded in ruling all India, yet India has never in all her immemorial history succeeded in ruling herself. Distracted by strife between her own peoples, tormented by tyrant conquerors, she has always been capable of marvellous things; yet, because of her divisions, her strife, and lack of disciplined common life, she has never grasped them.

Africa, which holds in its trackless forests and on its illimitable veldt far fewer people than the teeming plains and hills of India, has always been divided. But her primitive tribes have had no religion, nor any civilization, that could make them one people. China, on whose vast plains, running from the Himālayas to the Pacific, and from the snows of Siberia down to tropical seas, dwell the most numerous of all the world's peoples, is proud of an ancient civilization and great religions, and has

been, for the most part, united under one rule. India is the one mysterious example in history of a country with an ancient civilization and a great religion which has, nevertheless, always been divided and distracted.

For all that, however, there may lie, lost in the deeps of harassed India's heart and brain, richer gifts than any race has yet offered to men. India may, when she, at last made one, finds her own soul, place in the glittering crown of the world its Koh-i-noor.

CHAPTER III

“ AT THEIR OWN ADVENTURES ”

Whatever apparent increase of majesty and of wealth may have accrued to us from the possession of India, whether these prove to us ultimately power or weakness depends wholly on the degree in which our influence on the native race shall be benevolent and exalting.—JOHN RUSKIN.

AKBAR the Great, as he sat brooding over his vast empire in the last years of the sixteenth century, was a wise, tired old Emperor, with a headstrong son fidgetting to be on his father's throne. Queen Elizabeth, in those same days, in the lonely greatness of her old age was watching James, the clever, cowardly, intriguing son of Mary Queen of Scots, impatiently waiting to snatch her sceptre.

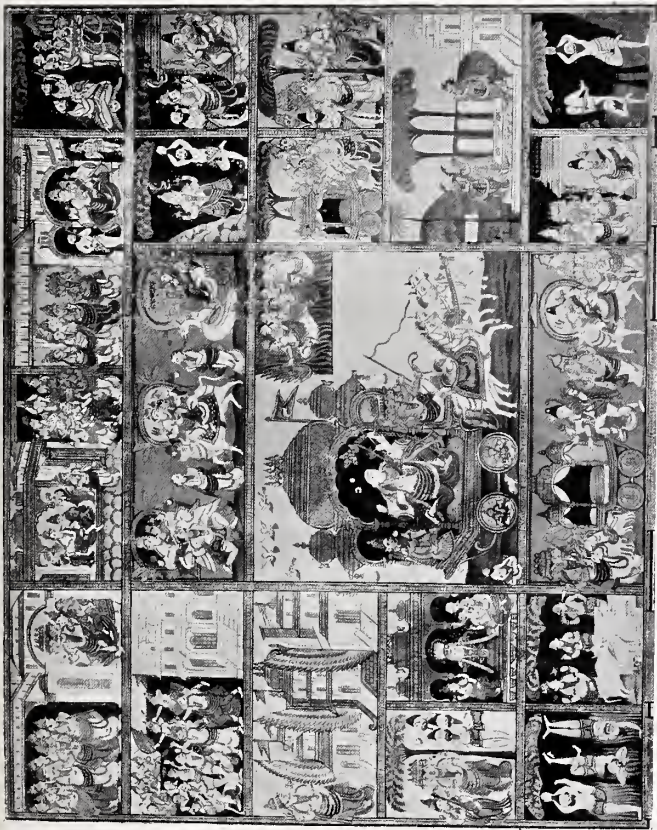
When Akbar came to die, his empire had already passed its zenith of power ; the Moghul emperors who followed him lost their grip on India, and anarchy set in. But the “ spacious days ” of Queen Eliza-

both brought to Britain the vision of a New World of glorious possibilities.

For the hold of the Moslem powers upon all the land trade-routes to the East had driven the European nations to seek an ocean-route to India. All the discovery of the great New World came out of the quest of a pathway over the sea to India. For it was while seeking India westward that Columbus stumbled accidentally upon America, and when searching for a way to India southward that Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope.

One day in 1599 there was a buzz of angry talk among the stout old merchants of London. "The Hollanders have raised the price of pepper in the English market," they growled to one another, "raised it from 3s. to 8s. a pound!"

The merchants were furious; yet what could they do? The ships of Holland and of Portugal held in their own hands nearly all the trade with the Indian spice islands of the Bay of Bengal, and could control the price of their cargoes. But these old London burghers had that curious untamable touch that we call "the Elizabethan spirit"—the dash of adventure



GODS AND MEN IN ANCIENT STORY

The Victory of Siva, assisted by the Gods, Demi-Gods, and *Rishis* (holy men), over a famous Giant. A Picture by an Indian artist

and the temper that is stirred by danger and roused by difficulty.

So the merchants, when called together by the Lord Mayor of London to discuss what should be done, came stumping into Founder's Hall, Lothbury, and resolved “with their owne handes to venter on the . . . voiage to the Easte Indies, the which may it please the Lord to prosper.”

Queen Elizabeth, on December the 31st, 1600, set her royal seal to a charter, giving to these 125 London merchants, who had put together £70,000, permission “that they, at their own adventures, costs, and charges, as well as for the honour of this our realm of England . . . might adventure and set forth one or more voyages with convenient number of ships and pinnaces by way of traffic and merchandise to the East Indies.”

So, on a spring morning in 1601 (the 2nd of April), the *Red Dragon*, of 600 tons, with three smaller ships, sailed out into the Channel on “their own adventures” bound for the East Indies. The “one or more voyages” for which the charter was granted have never yet ceased. The Portuguese fought to drive us off from

the Indian coast, where they had been already trading for a century. We shattered their fleet, to the infinite relief of the Indians who watched the battle from the shore. For—as their own historians now tell us—the Portuguese for fifty years had tortured, flayed, and burned at the stake the terrified Indians.

The English now wrestled with the Dutch for the trade of the East, for many years under Cromwell and the Stuarts, at first peaceably, then by war, in which by a defeat that was a great good fortune, we were driven from the islands in the Sea of Bengal (which the Dutch made their own) to the mainland. On the mainland of South India and in Bengal we gradually established centres called factories. The strange ways in which these things came to us could be shown in a hundred curious stories.

One day, for instance, there was a frightful scream in the harem of the Emperor of India, Akbar's grandson, Shah Jehan. His daughter's clothes were ablaze, and she was in agony from the burns.

“The white sahib doctor!” was the cry of the people who saw Mr Gabriel

Boughton, the clever surgeon of the British ship *Hopewell*, coming to the Afghan girl's relief. He treated the burns so skilfully that the grateful Emperor gave to the East India Company (whose servant Boughton was) power to establish a settlement at Hugli, the exclusive trade with the whole of Bengal, and a fort at Balasor, a little farther down the coast. And Bengal was the door to all the vast, rich cities and plains of the Ganges and the Indus.

The price of pepper is raised, the British India Empire begins! A girl's clothes are ablaze, and a country half as large as the whole of Europe drops at our feet! Our King Charles marries a Portuguese princess, and as an insignificant part of her dowry a place named Bombay is thrown in, and King Charles rents it to the Company for £10 a year, to become the queen of Indian port cities! By such strangely trivial happenings we were being drawn to establish power on the mainland of India, though with no thought of the great future that lay hidden for us there.

Meanwhile the Moghul empire that Akbar had left was crumbling to pieces.

The one word to be written across the arch through which we see Indian history for the half-century following the death of Emperor Aurangzeb (1707) is simply "misery." Plundering princes, greedy rajas, wild, lawless armies, untamable brigands, and still crueller and more avaricious officials harried the empire and tortured the helpless peasants. The Moghul empire was a blinded, paralysed eagle being pecked to death by a mob of crows.

A man of vision, looking back over thirty centuries of Indian history, and seeing that it was just one great series of rising and crumbling empires whose tyrannies had been followed by the more awful miseries of anarchy, would have longed for a strong, just, merciful power to come and rule this vast mass of three hundred millions of people. But that man would never have seen in the dull, unpretentious counting-houses of the East India Company the beginning of such a power. Still less would he have seen the heroic founder of that empire in the surly-faced young clerk, Robert Clive, at his desk in the Madras office, writing lugubriously home

to England, “I have not enjoyed one happy day since I left my native land.”

Robert Clive rose from his desk to go back to his rooms. He thought of the old days when he was a wild boy at home at Market Drayton, climbing the steeple to terrify the town as he sat on the dizzy summit swinging his legs ; or, with a gang of schoolboys, levying tolls of food from the shopkeepers under the threat of smashing their windows if refused. He remembered, too, the great days at Merchant Taylors’ School, where his master had in vain tried to mend Robert’s fighting temper.

Clive was sick of this inactive life, driving a quill under a sweltering sky in Madras. He decided to shoot himself. In the quiet of his own room he loaded, cocked, and primed a pistol, levelled it at his own head, and pulled the trigger. It missed fire. Clive cocked it again and pulled the trigger once more. It still missed fire. Hearing a knock at the door he hurriedly put down the pistol, as a friend came in. Half suspecting from Clive’s gloomy face and morose silence what he was meditating, the friend picked up the pistol, pointed it out of the window,

and, at the first touch of the trigger, fired it.

It was the turning-point in Clive's life. He believed, on the strength of this adventure, that he was called to play a great part in India. He felt certain now that he bore "a charmed life."

The chance to serve came. The French and Chandra Sahib, who held Arcot, besieged Trichinopoli and its Moghul defender, Mohammed Ali, an ally of the British. Clive was made a captain, as he had already given temporary military service in the siege of Pondicherry; and he was told to relieve Trichinopoli. He instantly marched from Madras, not to Trichinopoli, but on Arcot. With him were only two hundred British soldiers, three hundred sepoy, and three small guns. Through thunder, lightning, and torrential rain he marched his men on, and the Arcot garrison fled, while the enemy, as Clive had expected, was forced to weaken his attack on Trichinopoli in order to send forces against Clive at Arcot.

Entering the fort he held out for fifty days behind the crumbling walls, with his handful of heroes, against whole divisions

of elephants with iron-clad heads battering at the Arcot gates, and he drove back force after besieging force that swarmed the walls, till, being himself reinforced, he sallied out and drove his enemies before him.

Clive was always at his best when things were at their worst. Thus, a little later in the same campaign, seven hundred of the enemy's sepoys and eighty French stole into his camp, past his sleepy sentinels, and suddenly poured volley after volley into his sleeping soldiers. A soldier lying by Clive's side was shot dead. A box at his feet was shattered. Rushing out unarmed, Clive was attacked by six of the enemy, and fell to the ground seriously wounded. “Surrender,” cried his assailants. Clive lifted himself on his elbow and called out, “You are surrounded; surrender.” The six, in the confusion, threw down their arms.

We cannot here follow in detail the long, tortuous story of the revenge for the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the amazing battle of Plassey, in which Clive's genius and courage risked the whole future of British rule in India—and won.

Clive committed one great act of treachery to an Indian, in which, by the use of two treaties—a real and a fictitious one—and the forging of a signature, he tricked his enemy, the consummate villain and shameless liar, Omichund.

“Omichund,” said Clive’s interpreter, “the red treaty is a trick. You are to have nothing.”

It was a calculated lie to meet a calculated series of lies. Clive defended it on the ground that you must meet a liar with lies. “I would do it again a hundred times,” he declared defiantly, when charged with this deception. Macaulay,¹ writing about it later, argued in exactly the opposite way.

“The English rulers of India,” he wrote, “surrounded by allies and enemies whom no engagement could bind, have generally acted with sincerity and uprightness; and the event has proved that sincerity and uprightness are wisdom. English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our Oriental empire than English veracity. All that we could have gained by imitating the doublings,

¹ Macaulay’s *Lord Clive*.

the evasions, the fictions, the perjuries which have been employed against us, is as nothing when compared with what we have gained by being the one power in India on whose word reliance can be placed.

“No oath which superstition can devise, no hostage, however precious, inspires a hundredth part of the confidence which is produced by the ‘yea, yea’ and ‘nay, nay’ of a British envoy. No fastness, however strong by art or nature, gives to its inmates a security like that enjoyed by the chief who, passing through the territories of powerful and deadly enemies, is armed with the British guarantee. . . .

“Had we,” concludes Macaulay, “as often as we had to deal with people like Omichund, retaliated by lying and forging, and breaking faith, after their fashion, . . . no courage or capacity could have upheld our empire.”

Macaulay, then, believed that the strongest bond that tethers our Indian fellow-subjects in the empire to Britain is not the fear of military rule, but the character for honour and truth of the British civil servant, military officer, and merchant.

Clive went home to England to recover health, having, with the eye of genius, and by the crowning triumph of Plassey, moved the centre of British power up from South India to the Ganges delta, from which the trade of the whole rich northern plain up to the Himalayas could be tapped.

His time of absence from India was the hour of our deepest shame. The civil servants of the Honourable East India Company, when Clive was in Britain, looked on Bengal "as a buccaneer would look on a galleon." The rottenness of the civil service infected the army. The officers expected continual "bounties," or bonuses in excess of pay. The sepoys were kept from mutiny only by the Company's out-doing the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland* with their ceaseless executions.

This was the time of which Macaulay writes :—"There was an interval between the time at which they (the Indians) became our subjects, and the time at which we began to reflect that we were bound to discharge towards them the duties of rulers. During that interval the business of a servant of the Company was simply to wring out of the natives a hundred or

two hundred thousand pounds as speedily as possible, that he might return home before his constitution had suffered from the heat, to marry a peer's daughter, to buy rotten boroughs in Cornwall, and to give balls in St James's Square.”¹

Clive, as we have seen, was no saint ; but he revolted against the greed and laziness that were besmirching the name of England. He returned to India, and wrote home to a friend :—

“Alas ! how is the English name sunk ! . . . I do declare by that great Being, who is the Searcher of all hearts, and to whom we must be accountable if there is a hereafter, that I am come out with a mind superior to all corruption, and that I am determined to destroy these great and growing evils or perish in the attempt.”

Clive was as good as his word. His courage and genius in government were almost as great as in battle. In face of the fury of both soldiers and civilians he cleansed the foul stable of the Civil Service. The Army threatened mutiny and hundreds of officers offered their resignations when he ordered the stopping

¹ Macaulay, *Warren Hastings*.

of the bonuses. But Clive was inflexible, and he won.

That triumph by Clive over the corrupt greed of the civil servants of the Company and the military officers was a greater achievement than the battle of Plassey. It was one of the decisive victories of the history of the world, for it determined that, for the first time in all her thousands of years of history, India was to be governed not for plunder but for her own development. And it was a triumph of sheer character.

Said Lord Curzon, when unveiling a tablet to Clive's memory in his old school, Merchant Taylors':—

“Clive was one of the master-spirits of the English race. He was one of those forces that seem to be put into the world to shape the destinies of mankind. Wherever history is read, wherever heroic deeds are sung, wherever the origin of that wonderful achievement, the Indian Empire, is traced, there the name of Robert Clive leaps at once to the front. . . .

“In one of the *Dramatic Idylls*, by Robert Browning, there is a line—

In my eyes, your eyes, all the world's eyes, Clive
was a man.

“That was the fact. Clive was a man and a master of men. From the time when he was a boy at school until in middle life he was standing up against his persecutors and revilers in this country, with a noble courage that never quailed, all through, Clive was a man, raised above the level of his fellow-creatures as one sometimes sees some great lighthouse of granite lifted above the scream and buffeting of the ocean.”

Clive had won territory for the Company. The British Government decided that such territory belonged to Britain and not to the Company. Thus, under Clive's successor, Warren Hastings, the second epoch of our growth in empire began. In Clive's time the Company, attacked by enemies, fought and overcame them, and grasped the territory to make trade secure. In the time of Hastings, his successor, the Company traded and administered for the British Government. India had reached the half-way house on the high-road to empire.

A frightful tangle of conflict at this time tore the last shreds of the Moghul Empire into tatters. The now mighty Maratha

confederacy dashed out on great raids from its hill-fastnesses and its Deccan strongholds upon the degenerate Moghul Empire, tottering on its throne at Delhi. The Sikhs were continually springing at the throat of the Afghan power in the North-West. Tipu Sahib, on the throne of Mysore, harried the Company, being assisted by the Marathas.

Four times we wrestled with Mysore, thrice feebly and with almost imbecile flabbiness, then under Lord Wellesley. At the end of this last bout Tipu lay dead inside the breach in the walls of Seringapatam. Wellesley meant to chastise and check the power of Mysore; he had—to his own astonishment and almost dismay—smashed it. The Company therefore unwillingly took much of its territory,¹ stretching right across the country from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea.

This is not the place in which to tell the tangled and bewildering story of the Maratha wars, the fights with fiery Sikhs under Lord Minto, the strife, under the

¹ All this was handed back in 1831, and a native state established under our protection.

Marquess of Hastings, with the Nepalis and the fiendish Pindari marauders, whose daily business was plunder, and whose path through a province was always marked by burning villages, slaughtered men, women who had drowned themselves to escape pollution, and the cloud of dust from the hoofs of their booty-laden ponies.

This medley of wars, and the battledore and shuttlecock of raids and counter-raids, drove the Company and the British Government behind it to take over for Britain, and establish under protected Indian rulers, more and more territory. For only thus could peace be made and India's own welfare be secured.

There were men whose eye pierced through the fog of war, and looked beyond the treasure-chests of the Company's trade. They saw an India which we were governing to swell the bank-books of merchants, but they dared to dream of a government that would give itself to the high task of teaching India so that she might stand erect upon her feet, and of sweeping away some of the ancient cruelties that had tortured her.

Most men, however, were too closely

absorbed in trade, or too anxious to "let sleeping dogs lie," to set themselves to these tremendous tasks. But some men in the civil service were catching the vision of these new possibilities. Others went out to India to carry to her the teaching that Columba and Wilfrid and Augustine had brought to England, the Truth that had made England great.

These men were greater than their time ; for they saw deeper into the meaning of what was happening in India than did their fellows ; their sight pierced farther into the future.

For instance, every day through many centuries hundreds of Indian women had followed their dead husbands, climbed the funeral pyre and been burned. One day a keen young Englishman named Carey stood at a river-side and, for the first time, saw an Indian widow climb the heap of faggots to lie by her dead lord's side, while the Brahmin priests bound her down with bamboo withes and lighted the fire, her dying shrieks of agony being drowned in the blowing of horns and the shouts of the crowd.

In vain he had tried to stop them from

burning the woman alive. Their religion, they said—the old books—ordered that the widow should be burned. It had always been the custom. It always would be. There Carey revolted. It should not always be so. No God who was a Father could will that it should be so. With a burning heart he went away down the river to the college which he had created for teaching the young men of India, and to the printing press from which he was sending out books in seven of the greatest of the many languages of India.

Carey's tongue became a very sword to fight for the women of India. His pen was the lance of a Christian knight. He strove, day in day out, to bring the Government to his view. For long the Government feared that they would rouse the orthodox Hindus to fury in defence of their religion and its customs. Then one day the Government order abolishing *sati*, signed by Lord William Bentinck, was put into his hand. Carey had been appointed Government Translator, for he knew the languages far better than any of the civil servants. It was Sunday morning (4th Dec. 1829). Every day fresh

victims were being burned. There could be no delay. Before the sun had set Carey had finished translating the great decree, and on the Monday compositors were busy setting it in type, that the order might be made known over the whole country.

The greatness of his mind, his wonderful knowledge of the languages of the people—indeed he practically created Bengali as a literary language—his untiring work in translating into those languages the great Scriptures that had come from the East to Britain, and now were being brought farther east by Carey, his amazing knowledge of government, science, manufacture, literature, and education made him the honoured helper of the Government in its own college at Fort William, and the friend of a long succession of Governors-General.

In the years when Carey was an old man, who from his couch still helped to guide and lead the work for which he gave his life, a ruddy-faced, tall young Highland student, Alexander Duff, the brilliant man of his year at St Andrews, with the prizes of British scholarship at his feet, yet felt the strange call to serve

India, put aside the lure of fame at home, and sailed for Calcutta. His ship, battered by storms, was dashed to pieces on the rocks of the African coast, but Duff was saved from the shipwreck. At last, in 1830, he landed at Calcutta. He sailed up the river to Serampur, and having moored his boat at the college *ghāt*, walked excitedly up the steps to meet his old hero, Carey.

A wrinkled old man, with a face like yellow parchment, hobbled forward on crutches to meet Duff. Carey, then within a few years of his death, was trembling with weakness, the legacy of a hundred fevers in that sweltering Bengal delta, where he had already lived for nearly forty years without once returning to Britain. But as Carey began to talk to young Duff of the growing boys of India and of the public school which Duff might found there, his dim eyes lightened and gleamed. Carey flatly opposed the advice that everybody else had given Duff. “Teach the Indians English,” he said, “and make your headquarters at Calcutta.”

When Carey gave that advice, and Duff decided to follow it, the whole course

of our empire in India was profoundly changed.

Within two months, in the steaming rain and sweltering heat of that Bengal summer, Duff opened his English school in Calcutta with a few pupils. Swiftly the young Indians poured into his class-rooms till there were eight hundred of them, and Duff was obliged to close his doors against those clamouring for his teaching.

There came out to Calcutta at that time the most brilliant writer who has ever joined the government of India—Macaulay. Duff's rising fame and his genius as a great educationist—as great as any of the famous headmasters of our English public schools—made Macaulay ready to receive from the missionary the policy which he so brilliantly advocated that it was adopted by our Government. So it came about that young India began to read Milton and Burke, Mill and Spencer; and thus to become, in Lord Morley's glowing words, “intoxicated with the ideas of freedom, nationality, self-government, that breathe the breath of life in those inspiring and illuminating pages.”

As we look back over the strange story

of the growth of our Indian Empire, what main impression comes in upon us? We see brave men, each in his own sphere doing the work that lay to his hand. Each man dealt with the problem that he saw. Clive fought for clean administration free from corruption, Carey slaved to give India great books in her own language, Duff worked to train Indians to read and use these books, and thus to learn to be leaders of the new India. Macaulay harnessed the powers of the whole administration to the ideals of Duff. Great Christian soldiers, like Havelock, were setting a new standard of chivalry for the soldiery of Asia. Each—great as his vision was—saw only small parts of the vast movement that was going on. Not one of them planned Empire. Yet we cannot help seeing that their work was shaped by an invisible hand,—guided by “the finger of God,” in making history. The best men working always at their best, however unconsciously, are the founders of any rule that glorifies God and uplifts men.

CHAPTER IV

THE MUTINY—AND A MAN

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes ;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE Company had opened a fresh page in its history. The established practice of putting first the profits of trade died when Lord William Bentinck was Governor-General at Calcutta, while the old stalwart, Carey, and the young reformer, Duff, were preparing the way for Macaulay's brilliant establishment of new schemes of education and of justice.

At the top of the Company's new page was written : " Government should be for the sake not of the ruler, but of the ruled."

The Company, however, was furiously attacked on both its flanks by enemies who made it difficult indeed to rule at all, either for its own sake or for that of its subjects. A fight in the Bay of Rangoon, and the establishment of settlements on the Irrawady, brought Burma under the Company's lordship, and gave the rulers quiet on the east. But on the west Ranjit Singh hung like one of the fiery threatening sunsets of the Afghan hills. The Lion of Lahore, with his 60,000 picked fighting Sikhs, some of the finest soldiers in the world, swept in on the British from the Punjab, and in battle after battle our men found themselves, for almost the first time in history, clearly matched by Asiatic troops. At last, however, at Gujrāt in 1849, the Sikh army was shattered.

That task of herculean heroes, to discipline the seething, restless Punjab, whose whole history had been one ceaseless fight, and to bring its twenty-three millions of people, living in a territory almost as large as the United Kingdom, into the *Pax Britannica*, was placed in the hands of two men, John and Henry Lawrence.

Henry, who lived so simply that a candle in a bottle was the only light of his travelling tent, and who gave his money to build hospitals for the sick of the India that he loved, was a brilliant, heroic soldier and administrator. The best of the young officers who came out to India clamoured to serve under Henry Lawrence. Over jungle-covered hills, and across teeming plains he was known and almost worshipped by the Indians, to whose complaints he would listen with the sympathy of a father, and whose troubles he would wipe away with the strength of a giant and the wisdom of a sage. A strong, Puritan, Christian knight, he held all the Indian districts that he governed in the hollow of his hand, and ruled them by the magic of his stern, tender power. Henry Lawrence was a man who "did justly and loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God."

John, named after the fiery Scottish reformer, John Knox, from whom his mother was descended, shared, with his brother Henry, Knox's strong Puritan temper. Landing in Calcutta as a seventeen-year-old civil servant, John Lawrence

asked to be sent to Delhi as assistant to the collector there. Delhi was at that hour the most difficult place in all India, the centre of all the plotting round the tottering Great Moghul with his ramshackle court, and the centre of a district just being rescued from wild anarchy.

Under the village tree, in the sweltering city court, young "Jan Lárence," as the Indians called him, reached the very hearts of the Indian people. They came to believe that he was all eyes and could see through mud walls, yet knew him for the just, strong man that he was, tender to the helpless, just to the good, stern with the evil-doer, the slacker or liar or extortioner.¹

When work was over John would be out in the fields on his horse or with a gun for some wild sport; but on the way he would explore some jungle lair of cutthroats, or "surprise a slippery underling."

After his simple dinner he would sit out in the bright moonlight, without coat or waistcoat, and with shirt sleeves turned up, with tea and tobacco—"a giant in

¹ It is impossible to give here even a catalogue of the chief adventures and heroic acts of John Lawrence. These may be read in one of the five best biographies in the English language: Bosworth Smith's *Lord Lawrence*.

the act of refreshment ” as a friend (Sir Herbert Edwardes) describes him.

The greybeards of the village would stroll up, squat on heels and ankles, each salaaming as he sat down. They would chat together about the old long-winded horses whose breed had disappeared, the capture of the last of the dacoit robbers by John himself, the horrors of the great famine, the debts and the lawsuits in the village, the way in which the men of the North-West had come, now that the last of the Moghuls was a shadow, to beat their swords and spears into ploughshares. At midnight, “the air being cool enough for sleep, the white ruler yawns, and the dark elders take their leave, much content with this kind of Englishman.”

So John Lawrence had fitted himself to share the rule of that tremendous Punjab, with its wild, lawless tribes.

The *raj* had now put down the princes of India from their thrones. Eastward, it had deposed the rulers of Burma, its lordship stretched to where the Irrawady lapped the *ghāts* at Rangoon, and thence the writs of the Company ran westward without break for near two thousand

miles, from the Irrawady to the Brahma-putra, and all up the Ganges valley, past the upper reaches of the Indus, and on to old Lahore and the outpost Peshawar, that looks into the frowning shadows of the Afghan passes. From the capital of the historic dynasties of Mysore to the wild Sikhs of the Himālayan foothills the Company was lord. At last Lord Dalhousie had put down from his ancient seat that hoary old villain, the King of Oudh, whose reign was one long carnival of cruelty, outrage, massacre, extortion, and lust. When Lord Dalhousie sailed home to England in 1856, that exiled heir of twenty kings lived as a private gentleman in a suburb of Calcutta, under the all-seeing British eye; and Henry Lawrence, leaving the Punjab in John's hands, went and reigned in his stead at Lucknow.

When Dalhousie left India in 1856 the rule of the Company seemed to be more firmly established than any rule had ever been in all Indian history. Before Lord Canning left London to succeed Dalhousie as Governor-General, he said at a dinner, with a curious foreboding of ill:—

“We must not forget that in the sky of

India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which, growing bigger and bigger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin."

A breeze, blowing where it listed, moved on the face of the waters of Indian life. A small cloud, mysterious and intangible, floated above the horizon. A feeling of hushed unrest came, like the uneasy moan of the sea in the dead calm that foretells the hurricane. The sky darkened, and all the heavens were full of threatening. Fears were aroused in the Indian mind by the very greatness of Dalhousie's success in quiet annexation; the dread of the extinction—with their kings—of all things Indian, darkened the hearts of the people. Vague dread seized them that their most sacred customs would be trampled upon, their immemorial castes obliterated.

There was no limit to the power of these casteless, mad Sahibs, who were bringing to India strange and frightful "fire-carriages" from which imprisoned demons snorted smoke and flame as they thundered with a train of coaches along a road of steel; and who set up mysterious, tall,

“lightning-posts” linked to one another by wire along which—men said—the *raj*, by its dark magic, flashed its orders to soldiers who were farther away than a camel could travel in a month.

The dread turned to panic, and then to wild anger. The old “Brown Bess” was changed for Enfield rifles, with greased cartridges, the ends of which were to be bitten. The sepoys bit the cartridges; and then the rumour ran among the Hindus that the grease was the fat of the cow—their sacred animal—while the Moslems were assured that the fat of the pig was used—the animal whose very touch was pollution unspeakable.

As a matter of simple fact, no attempt was made to exclude the fat of cows and pigs from the tallow used for greasing the cartridges. It is practically certain that the tallow did contain such fat. We can with difficulty conceive in our own lives a parallel to the horror the sepoys felt at being forced to do a thing so frightful in its sacrilege. It meant that no comrade, and neither wife nor child, father nor mother would ever look upon them again except with loathing. Most

of the sepoy were proud Brahmans, and it drove them to fury to hear the hissing taunts of low-caste men who worked in the arsenals, and knew what grease was being employed. The sepoy simply could not believe but that so tremendous a thing must have been done deliberately. It was, however, done out of sheer, stupid lack of sympathy, imagination, and knowledge.

A fiery and crafty Moslem prophet from Faizabad in Oudh went swiftly along the dusty roads to the great centres—Calcutta and Patna, Meerut and Lucknow—silently calling the Faithful to be ready. His green turban became to the Moslems the banner of Holy War against the infidel.

Mysteriously at dawn a man would come to one Hindu village from the next with the *chapati* (the pancake of unleavened bread, and so a symbol of the common food, the common cause of the people). From village to village, in hill country and in valley, across district after district, the signal, “unexplained at the time, inexplicable still,” passed on, till all the land was seething with excitement. Hundreds of thousands of men who could not read a word in any written language read the

strange call of the *chapati*—to be ready to fight against the *raj*.

One morning men found nailed to the Jumma Musjid in Delhi a proclamation calling for readiness for the war for the Faith against the idolatrous Sahib. It had been prophesied in the far-off past that a white race should rule over the sacred soil of India for a hundred years and then pass. The date of the Battle of Plassey was 1757—the hour had struck.

At Berhampur the men refused even to receive their percussion caps when served out. At Barrackpur fires broke out. At Calcutta a young sepoy fired at his adjutant. At Cawnpore the sepoys refused the Government flour. From Meerut the news was flashed that eighty-five Indian cavalry troopers had been imprisoned for refusing even to touch the cartridges.

Sunday night, the 10th of May 1857, came. It was the day and the hour. Colonel Finnis, at Meerut, riding to speak to his men, was riddled with bullets; the imprisoned sepoys were freed. The Indian Mutiny had broken out.

The bazaars were thronged with Indians wild for riot. The European bungalows

were fired, and as the Sahibs drove back from church, the guns of the mutineers rang out their death. Englishwomen cried in vain for help, children were hewn to pieces. Imbecile weakness seized the British, for no man had or took the lead. Divided counsels resulted in suicidal inaction, while the rebel cavalry rode off to Delhi, to proclaim their worn-out Moghul king Emperor of India, and to massacre men, women, and children.

A tiny handful of British in Delhi city, in hopeless heroism, blew up the powder magazine; but the mighty roar of the explosion, the surge of its black smoke, and the leaping flame were simply the signal to the waiting British group around the flagstaff on the Ridge that those might save themselves who could. It was a month before three thousand British troops, supported by Gurkhas, took up the siege of Delhi, with its thirty thousand rebels.

Lord Canning had to face an India in victorious mutiny from Bombay up beyond Delhi to Simla on the Himālayan slopes, and from Nagpur in Bengal southward to the territory of the Nizam of Haiderabad. Soldiers, trained and disciplined by British



MARTINIÈRE COLLEGE, LUCKNOW

Boys from this College (which was held by the Mutineers) assisted
in the defence of the Residency, 1857

military skill, were fighting against us, in defence—as they believed—of

. . . the ashes of their fathers,
And the temples of their gods.

One thing only was wanted to smite our rule so staggering a blow that it would hardly recover, and that was mutiny in the Punjab, the land of Five Rivers and of fiery fighting races, hardened by a thousand years of wrestling with the Afghan—the Punjab, with its scores of thousands of warrior Sikhs who still looked back with longing to the great killing days of their Lion leader Ranjit Singh, and whose hands, blistered by the plough, itched for the sword and musket. The Punjab had been under British rule for less than ten years. If the futile ineptitude shown at Delhi had been repeated in the Punjab, the history of our Indian Empire would have been tragically different. Yet the fighting forces of the Punjab, trembling as they were on the very brink of mutiny, saved Delhi, and helped to restore the British Empire in India. How? Why?

The Mutiny broke out on the 10th of May. Two days later a man on tour in the Pun-

jab, lying on his bed and writhing with neuralgia that nearly blinded him, saw the doorway darkened by a messenger with a telegram, which ended abruptly, for the young telegraph operator at Delhi had been cut down and slain as he finished it. The telegram announced the outbreak of the Mutiny and the fall of Delhi. The man who received it was John Lawrence, now Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. It was Lawrence who, with his brilliant lieutenants Edwardes and Nicholson, not only saved the Punjab, but who—when Lord Canning, at Calcutta, was cut off by a great belt of mutiny from Delhi—reinforced the British on the Ridge, till Delhi was retaken and the allegiance of India made secure.

Within twelve hours of receiving the telegram Lawrence had his policy clear, and had wired to every great military and administrative centre in the Punjab instructions that, like electric shocks, stung his assistants into action. "Disband the mutinous Regulars: call the Irregulars to loyalty against the mutinous Hindustani: never remain on the defensive." With brilliant resource and daring insight

he sent along the Grand Trunk Road to far-off Delhi, to relieve the British, stream after stream of men who, apart from the magic of their belief in "Jan Lárence" would have been in open mutiny. At his call the Guides, that marvellous picked band of mountaineers in khaki, swung along under the frightful summer blaze toward Delhi, and made the swiftest march ever known in Indian history—not excepting Roberts's march to Kandahar. Lawrence's hot-headed and glorious junior, John Nicholson, led his men on the same road, performing mighty feats, the bare story of which reads like a legend of Achilles, but falling in the lane of Delhi, in the hour of victory. The gallant defence of Cawnpore, the vile massacre, under promise of safe conduct, of women and children by Nānā Sahib, and the swift vengeance of Havelock are a part of the imperishable tragedy and romance of the Indian Empire, as is the heroic defence of Lucknow by Sir Henry Lawrence, until he fell, and

. . . gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Nor is there any story in the whole grim tragedy more pure and fine in its chivalry than that of Outram—the Bayard of India—that

verray parfit gentil knyght,

who, when he came to take over the command from his junior, Havelock, refused to step in at the hour of victory at Lucknow, standing aside that his younger colleague might win the glory which he did not live long to enjoy.

When the Mutiny was quelled, the cries for vengeance were loud and long; but Lawrence, who had stung men to swift and shattering action when action was needed, now fought with all his might against any threats of vengeance. He was sternly just, but never vengeful, and was strong in his mercy. He even refused to proceed against vile murderers who had been wrongly given a promise of immunity. “Should these promises be respected?” he was asked.

“Faith must be kept, whatever it costs us?” was the answer of Lawrence, who, in that phrase, laid one of the corner-stones of real empire.

At the moment when that Mutiny telegram reached Lawrence, his face—stabbed with the agonies of neuralgia—was being bathed by his wife, who in tent and bungalow, in peril and in quiet security, had strengthened all his life, and had been the splendid mother of his boys and girls. Through all this tense Mutiny time, the most terrible time of strain that he ever endured, Lawrence was steadied and sustained, as he had been all through his life, by the support of his wife. Through her his tremendous strength, which might have turned to hardness, became the perfect strength of knighthood. And the chivalry of John Lawrence was not towards the women of his own rank and race only. When his gallant hill-men and the Guides marched east to Delhi, Lawrence, with the burden of India upon him, wrote a letter to the regiment, knowing as he did that these men were anxious as to the safety of their wives whom they had left behind in mutinous Murdan.

“I hope,” he wrote, “this will find you all safe, and that you will not be too late for the fight at Delhi. I send you a list of the ladies of your regiment who have

arrived at this place from Murdan. They are all safe, under my protection, in my compound."

That picture of the worn, racked ruler of the Punjab, caring for the brown wives of his brave Guides, may stand with any story of the old knights-errant of the Table Round.

Lawrence had saved the Indian Empire by his exertions; he helped to build our larger Empire by his example. It was a fitting thing that he should become the Viceroy of India, till increasing years brought him home to England for the honoured last days of his great life.

John Lawrence's motto was "Be ready"; that of his brother Henry was "Never give in"; and when John was made Lord Lawrence, he inscribed both the mottoes on his crest, with a Pathan and a Sikh trooper as supporters; he linked himself to the last with his beloved Indians. Indeed his greatest love may be said to have been for boys and for Indians. In the last ten years of his life, which he spent in England, he gave his energy to two things. He was Chairman of the London School Board, which sought to give sound learning to

boys, and served on the Committees of the Church Missionary Society, whose aim is to carry the Christian gospel to India, and indeed to the whole world.

John Lawrence lies buried in Westminster Abbey, beside Outram and Livingstone.

Outram, the intrepid soldier, greedy for the fame of others, modest about his own deeds, simple in his Christian faith; Lawrence, the great administrator, to whom a world looked for help in its utter need, and always found reinforcement, unfailing resource, a strength that was never hard, and a tenderness that was never soft; and Livingstone, the heroic explorer-missionary, who marched on through year after year in utter loneliness, facing the spears of savages and the guns of Arabs, to die so that enslaved Africa might be free—the three men sum up the whole bond and basis of enduring rule of the sort that makes for the welfare of the world and the strength of all the nations. And Henry Lawrence lies in an Indian grave over which is inscribed the least that could be said of him and the best that any of us can ever hope to deserve: “He tried to do his duty.”

CHAPTER V

THE SECRET OF THE RAJ

Some beneath the further stars
Bear the greater burden :
Set to serve the lands they rule,
(Save he serve no man may rule),
Serve and love the lands they rule ;
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHEN the Mutiny was at last suppressed, a clamour went up: "Wipe out Delhi; destroy the great Mosque; plough up the very ground on which the city is built. Shoot all the young Moghul princes." It was indeed little wonder that the horrible barbarities of incarnate fiends like Nānā Sahib should kindle the passion for revenge in men whose wives or children had been slaughtered.

John Lawrence, for what he had done during the Mutiny, was already known throughout India and Britain as "the saviour of the Empire." He was now to

prove himself so not only in war but in peace. He heard of hangings and shootings at Delhi, and, as soon as he could leave the Punjab, he hurried there, took the power of life and death away from individual and irresponsible men, and confined that power to a judicial commission. Certain fiery officers who, behind his back and against his orders, proceeded with the slaying of untried men at Delhi, got from him the heaviest and most stinging castigation that he ever delivered. He measured out stern justice to the Indian murderers of women and children with unrelenting hand. He was the day of judgment to them. But he knew that to shoot or hang without trial was to undermine that foundation of justice on which British rule is based, and must be based, or cease to be.

Lawrence, as usual, tackled the immediate task first, but with his eye all the while on the larger issues. He dealt with Delhi, but he decided whether one Indian should be shot or forgiven on the principles which he framed for all government. His first step was to save the ancient city, and so keep Britain from committing an inefface-

able crime against both India and her own soul.

When we contemplate the ruins of European shrines and mediæval cities to-day, we must indeed be grateful to the man of whom it can be said "That the mosques of Delhi were not desecrated; that the inhabitants were not left to shift for themselves as homeless outcasts; that the whole city, with its glorious buildings and its historic memories, was not levelled to the ground, and the plough driven over its site . . . was due, in great part at least, to the justice and the humanity, the statesmanship and the Christian spirit of John Lawrence."

The men who cried "War to the knife!" and who wished to exterminate by gun and by gallows from Delhi through Oudh to Nagpur were out for the old Moghul type of revenge. Canning (who was jeered at by the fire-eaters as "Clemency Canning"), Lawrence, and others, saw that to try the old, cruel, pagan vengeance was very surely to end our Empire in India. They knew that the one bond of the Empire which would last and would stand the strain of centuries was that of stern justice for

the murderers of women and children, mercy to surrendered mutineers, the resettlement of the people on their land, and, above all, greater understanding of the people in their myriad villages by the rulers, and of the rulers by the people.

Men like Sir Herbert Edwardes and Lawrence began, after the Mutiny, to think out quietly what wild suspicions could have fired it. They traced it back among the myriad surface reasons to a root cause, namely, the failure of the Indians to understand that Christianity could never, from its very nature, desire to win its way by such crafty methods as the use of greased cartridges which would make the proud Brahman an outcaste. It was for such reasons as this that Lawrence, as a governor, worked to spread wider knowledge among the people of India in order to slay the suspicions that breed in the darkness of ignorance. Moreover, as a private individual he supported the work of the missionaries, who spread Christianity in India, not by force or by guile, but by the simple work of healing, teaching, and speaking, as shown in the example of our Lord.

Lawrence therefore wrote to Lord Stanley,

who was at that time made Secretary for India in England, outlining the great policy that was adopted. In the same year, 1858, the statesmanship of the new order in India was revealed in Queen Victoria's proclamation, under which India was taken away for ever from the control of the old Company, which had first entered India two hundred and fifty years before. India for the first time became, in the full sense, a province of the British Empire.

Rajas, whose breasts blazed with diamonds, riding on elephants festooned with pearls, came through the streets of the ancient city of Allahabad to hear the words of the Great White Mother-Queen from across "the black water." The Indians came from many cities to where the Jumna flows past Allahabad to join Mother Ganges. There, in the great plain, half-way between Delhi and Calcutta, the old and the new capitals of India, Lord Canning read out these words from Queen Victoria, which are a part of the Magna Carta of India :

"We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own ;

and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government.

“ We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations and duty which bind us to all our other subjects, and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fill.

“ Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. . . .

“ And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge.”

The case of murderers and those who aided them at the time of mutiny is then specially dealt with ; but, the address goes on :

“ To all others in arms against the Government we hereby promise uncon-

ditional pardon, amnesty, and oblivion of all offences against ourselves, our crown and dignity, on their return to their homes and peaceful pursuits." . . .

The proclamation then makes the following tremendous promises, and lays down once and for all the great principle that forms the basis of the British *raj* in India :

“ When, by the blessing of Providence, internal tranquillity shall be restored, it is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer the government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these wishes for the good of our people ! ”

It was the 1st of November 1858. Only eighteen months had passed since the women and children, as they floated out on the river at Cawnpore under promise of safe conduct, had heard the crack of guns and had found from the bullet and the river a

death only less cruel than to have fallen into the hands of Nānā Sahib himself. And we promised, in the most deliberate and solemn way, that we would govern for the sake of the governed Indian and not for ourselves ; that we should regard our obligations of duty to Indians in Delhi or any tiny village as being equal to our obligations to Britons in Edinburgh or London, to Australians in Sydney, or to Canadians in Toronto ; that Indians fitted for posts of administration should be freely admitted to the service of the Government ; and that public works should be carried out for the good of Indian people.

It was as heroic an act for John Lawrence, in that letter to Lord Stanley, to stand against the tide of revenge as it was for Nicholson to storm the gate of Delhi. But it was more than heroic ; it was the deed of a strong man who had not only wide experience of the past, but piercing vision of the future, deep insight into the Indian heart, a great belief in human nature, and the daring to act on his belief. Yet even Lawrence can hardly have dared to believe that, because of the new policy thus begun, King Edward VII.,

commemorating fifty years later “the exalted task then solemnly undertaken,” would be able to say to “the Princes and peoples of India”:

“For a longer period than was ever known in your land before you have escaped the dire calamities of war within your borders. Internal peace has been unbroken.”

To those for whom campaigns are the only history, the last half-century of India's life is a blank page—the only page in the last fifty centuries on which no internal war is written. What then has happened? The good things done have all been in the line of the proclamation that Canning made for Queen Victoria at Allahabad in 1858, undertaking to “administer the government for the benefit of all,” and promising that men, “of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices, the duties of which they may be qualified to discharge, and to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement.” Our strength and our weakness have been in proportion to our success or failure in doing those things.



A FAKIR

See p. 44

Lieutenant-Colonel S. J. Thomson, C.I.E., tells us¹ that “the officials of the old régime, both civil and military, who kept their districts loyal in the dark days of the Mutiny or speedily reduced them to order or contentment after its suppression . . . were simply resolute, practical men, very high-handed it is true, but with a very full recognition of what is meant by *noblesse oblige*.”

Noblesse oblige is the translation into the language of old chivalry of the principle of Queen Victoria’s promise “to administer the government for the benefit of all our subjects.” We may see in a few broad pictures what this means.

The white tents of a civil officer’s camp are pitched in the shade of trees near a village. To him there come across the fields the greyheads and headmen of the district, and through the hot day he talks with them about the disputes and the state of the crops, the boundaries, the last rains, the needs of the villages. As evening comes on, at his leisure he chats in a

¹ *The Silent India*,

field with a man just ending his day's ploughing; he inspects a school and a dispensary; and ends the day in a quiet, more informal chat with some of the headmen—and so to sleep.

By the first glint of dawn he is on his horse, and in the cool of the day he heads for the distant village where his second set of tents are already pitched. He goes there by a roundabout route, wandering into all the villages within reach; here he inspects a police station, there a school; at each he sees groups of the leaders in that village community life which really makes up India. The things he says, the man he is—these will be talked of through all the days of the year. Thus it comes about that names like "Jan Lárence," "Nikkul-seyn," "Edwardes Sahib," and a hundred others stand almost as those of demi-gods to the people of their old districts. To-day in the Panjab men love to give their boys the name "Jan Lárence," as an English father might call his son "Gordon." To the people the administrator does not simply represent the *raj*—he *is* the *raj*. Their link with him is their link with Government. The strength of

that bond between him and them is the strength of the bond of Empire. And if he is arrogant and disdainful or slack, the bond of Empire is weak.

So we can easily understand why that great administrator, Sir Andrew Fraser, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, crystallizes the experience of over a quarter of a century in the sentence, "Young men who are destined for work in India must act there on the first principles of Christian gentlemanliness." And Lord Morley has said, "Bad manners, overbearing manners, are disagreeable in all countries: India is the only country where bad and overbearing manners are a political crime."

From a bungalow attached to a great building, on whose verandahs Indians are lying in beds, a man in white duck clothes and pith helmet rides out along the dusty road between sun-scorched fields. He enters a village and rides up to the little mud-walled dispensary, while the word swiftly passes from lip to lip that the Doctor-Sahib has come. Eagerly they carry out to the doctor a boy with a gangrenous leg, while a man with a bad

foot hobbles from another direction, and a little girl, who has a growth coming over her eyes, is led to the dispensary, and people with varying aches come to describe their symptoms. To one the Doctor-Sahib prescribes a medicine, which his Indian assistant writes down and makes up; to another an ointment; the boy with the bad leg is sent off to the hospital with a note to the doctor's colleague, suggesting immediate operation. He then mounts his horse again, and by nightfall has reached another village, where his tent is already up, and the village people have gathered to hear the Doctor-Sahib speak of a Great Physician, who has sent him to heal them, and who claims their worship. From village to village he passes; so that from that one great central missionary hospital his work of healing, both personally and through the Indian men and the nurses whom he has trained, spreads over a territory half the size of Wales.

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A white man and his assistants, with strange brass instruments on tripods, survey a blistering desert, and all the land

that lies between that desert and the Indus. These men go away, and when they have completed their plans, engineers come with light railway-lines, steam excavators, bags of concrete, travelling smithies, and a small army of coolies. Slowly a canal is driven from river to desert, and in a few years the desert that dazzled with its yellow glare is a vast expanse of green fields of grain.

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A British forestry officer, in the heart of the rank jungle among the Indian hills, tends, from his little plastered bungalow, a million acres of immemorial forest. In the old days the trees were felled or burnt down, and no man planted again. The Rajas thinned the forests, until they were in peril of going the way of the ancient forests of the Indus from which Alexander of Macedon built his ships, but where no tree remains.

The forestry officer, in the sweltering silences of the great woods, marching through tangled bush and creeper, and marshalling his gangs of squat, whiskered hill-men with their axes and saws, clears

the glades, cuts the great fire-line round his acres—the line across which no flame can leap—and plants his new trees.

The trees that he plants will not be fit to fell till he himself has long since gone. His children's grandchildren may see the logs from those trees carried down from the hills on the backs of elephants to make sleepers for a new railway. The forestry officer plans and works for a day that he will never see, a day which will be at a loss for its timber if he fails now, but a day which—even while its trains thunder over his logs—will not remember that he ever worked or planned for them.

The secret of the *raj* lies in just such service as this. Work planned in some solitary bungalow, carried out in obscurity, and never “mentioned in dispatches”—a forest saved, a desert turned to rice-fields, a road driven ten leagues farther into the wilds—will save a million people from famine when the man who made the plan is a forgotten old retired civil servant. It is all one with the work of the missionary doctor, training Indian men and women to be Christian surgeons and nurses, or with that of the master in a school,

teaching Indian boys who will in a decade be serving their own land as leaders all the more truly because they have sat at the feet of a Master Who on an eastern hill-side said, "Do good . . . hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great."

CHAPTER VI

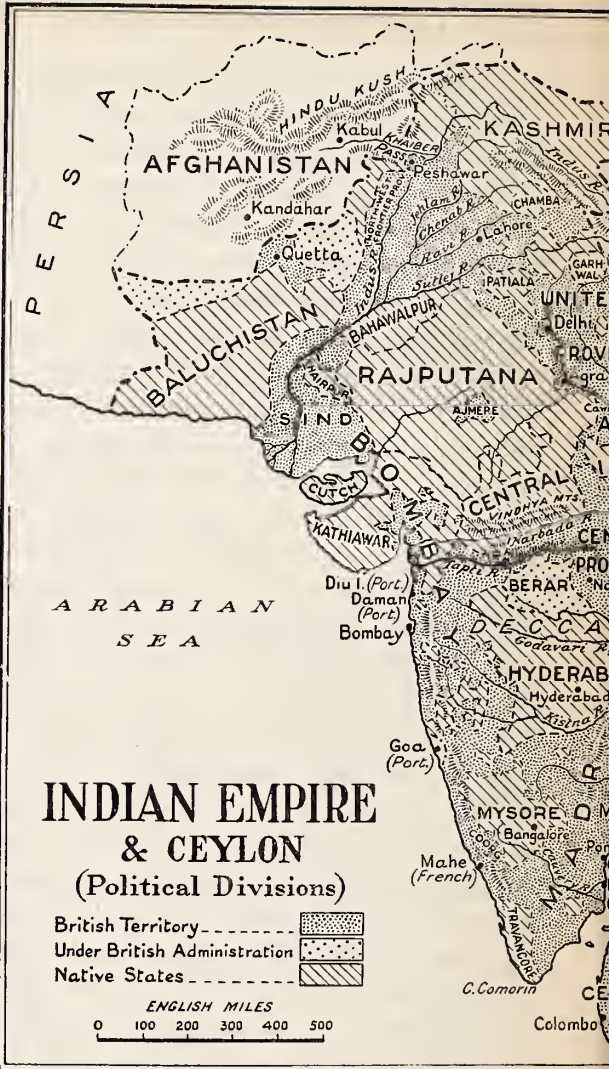
THE PROBLEM OF THE RAJ

What could be more glorious for both India and England than that India, strong in her men, strong in her faith, should stand side by side with England, share her troubles and her dangers, to be joint defenders of their common heritage.—The Hon. BABU BHUPENDRANATH BASU, *Chairman of Indian National Congress*, 1915.

IN this new India to-day, as the white mists roll up from the Ganges at dawn an Indian, with pots of colour in his hand, walks down to the river-bank, where the Brahmans are already plunging into the saving waters of Mother Ganges. As the bathers come up from the river, he paints on their foreheads the circle, the trident, or other emblem of their devotion to Vishnu, Siva, or some other god. His fathers have painted those marks on the foreheads of Indians on that bank for two thousand years. Each man wears also the symbol of that immemorial caste which was adopted to

preserve the purity of Aryan blood, and, like a barrier of triple steel, has stood between the proud Brahman, born from the head of God, and the rest of humanity. Caste governs every intimate detail of Hindu life from the moment when a man lifts his head from his sleeping mat, through his meals, his walking in the street, his greetings, his work, till he lies down to sleep again. The outcaste, feeding on carrion and drinking from a stagnant pool—"the dog," "the unclean," "the pariah," "the untouchable"—stands outside the pale of human kind, even as he lives outside the village boundary. The casting of his passing shadow on the food of a Brahman is defilement. Manu, the Lawgiver, created the pariah to be the slave. Men will touch a dog or a pig, but not an outcaste. To touch him is to be yourself for the time untouchable, defiled, unclean. And there are fifty millions of him.

The low-caste people—sweepers and leather-workers, for instance—are also far beneath the Brahman and are defilement to him. "As well may a black puppy dog become a white one," the Indian proverb says, "as a barber become a Brahman." But the low-caste despise the



PERSIA

AFGHANISTAN

KASHMIR

HINDU KUSH

Kabul

Kandahar

Quetta

Peshawar

CHAMBA

Lahore

PATIALA

UNITE

Delhi

BALUCHISTAN

BAHAWALPUR

RAJPUTANA

SIND

AJMEPE

CUTCH

CENTRAL

KATHIWAR

DECCA

Diu I. (Port.)
 Daman (Port.)
 Bombay

BERAR

HYDERAB

Hyderabad

Goa (Port.)

MYSORE

Bangalore

Mahe (French)

C. Comorin

Colombo

ARABIAN
SEA



SKETCH MAP
SHOWING
RACIAL DISTRIBUTION

A. S. K.

outcaste as much as the Brahman does. So the meal which will be cooked into *chapatis* for these Brahmans coming up from their bathing must be ground and mixed and baked by women of their own caste; the water they drink must come from the well which no low-caste person ever darkens by his shadow; and if the very jar in which the water is carried is but touched by the fringe of the garment of a low-caste man, or even, indeed, by a British officer, it must be shattered into fragments, for it is defiled. In the eyes of these people "It is a greater sin to drink a cup of water from the hands of a beef-eating European barbarian than to break all the laws of the Ten Commandments,"¹

The Brahman who, on the river-bank, is having the caste marks painted on his forehead is, with his fifteen million fellow Brahmans, the real ruler of the inner life of India—the high-priest and lawyer, the preacher and teacher, the banker, money-lender, mayor and landlord in half a million villages.

The sun's rim now cuts the horizon,

¹ J. B. Raju, Professor of Philosophy and Logic, Hindu College, Madras, and then of St John's College, Agra.

and its light flashes o minaret, at the top of which a figu. appears and cries the *Allah Akbar*, "Great is God." It is the Mohammedan muezzin. "Prayer is more than sleep—than sleep," the cry goes out, and it is taken up at mosque after mosque across the city. The Moslem cry from the minaret calls the Faithful, whose religion scorns at once the Christian infidel and the Hindu idolater, to come out and worship in the one true way the one true God—the Moghul in the Sky—whose prophet is Mohammed. The sixty-six millions of Moslems in India wake to another day.

The boom of the morning gun on the fort above the river reminds us that the British *raj* daily faces the problem of ruling over these three hundred and thirteen millions of people divided from one another by differences of race, by the bottomless abyss that separates the Brahman and the outcaste, by two hundred languages, and by the differing worship and social custom of four great religions. And as the morning gun shatters the silence, the long shrill yell of the syren of the factory, whose tall chimney looms behind the mosque, calls a

thousand brown "operatives" to another day's work at the cotton mills.

Egypt, Babylon, Macedon, Rome, and Spain have all had tangled problems of Empire. But surely there has been none calling for more daring and wisdom and genius than this rule of ours in India alone.

Over two hundred millions of these people under British rule in India are divided into more than two thousand castes, each cut off from the others, yet all embraced in Hinduism, and all under Brahman influence. The *raj* controls in India sixty-six millions of Moslems who look to Mecca as their birth-place, to Cairo as their university, and to Delhi as their Indian capital. We govern there ten million Buddhists, the remnant of a vaster multitude, who, in the days of Asoka, worshipped in the name of the Enlightened One. And the subjects of the King-Emperor include the millions of dark Animists worshipping in forest villages the dread cholera-demon or the village demon-mother of their clan.

When we say the one word "India," and think of the problem of our Empire there, we have to carry in our minds all

this vast medley of races and tongues, these peoples ranging from the cultivated Hindu philosopher to the outcaste, and include the proud Rajput, the courageous Mahratta, the subtle Bengali, the quick Parsi, the fiery Sikh, the quiet millions upon millions of Dravidian village folk, and this clash of four religions. Divided by caste and creed, India is not one in race or religion ; it is one geographically only in the sense that it lies between the Himālayas and the ocean ; and it is one politically only in that it lies within the British Empire. But there is a new unity growing up among these peoples. Since Carey, Duff, Macaulay and their contemporaries set Western education going in India, it has spread in all parts of the land. India now has its public schools, to which Indian boys travel in railway trains to learn the history of the India beyond their own principality and of the world beyond their own shores, to read their Mill and Spencer, their newspapers, and their Epistles of St John alongside their Vedas. And India has its colleges and universities in places like Madras and Agra, where the students debate on the problems of Indians in South Africa, or

on the comparison between the civilisations of ancient Rome, London, Berlin, and Benares. The student reads of the battle of Mukden in which the Japanese overthrew Russia, and of the Chinese Revolution in which a Republic was founded by hurling an old Imperial dynasty from its throne. He reads of Japanese war-ships reducing German fortifications at Tsingtau, and of Indian coolies in South Africa being shackled by terms of indentured labour that seem to him like slavery; of his fellow-countrymen, on the one hand fighting in Flanders or defending the Suez Canal, and, on the other, being refused entrance into Canada or Australia. He is reminded by Lord Curzon that "Powerful empires existed and flourished in India while Englishmen were still wandering painted in the woods."

The result is that, for the first time in all Indian history, we have Indian men who really try to think of India as one, and of the Indians as capable of becoming one people with powers of self-government. These men are devoting their lives to achieving that aim. This is so new that, although it began before Queen Victoria died, it really



ON THE RIVER BANK

belongs to the twentieth century. In 1888 Sir John Strachey wrote of India as so divided and separated that "A native of Calcutta or Bombay is as much a foreigner in Delhi or Peshawar as an Englishman is a foreigner in Rome or Paris." Some twenty years later (1911), in a new edition of the book in which the sentence above occurs, Sir Thomas Holderness, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India, wrote: "As regards the educated classes, a common system of government, the spread of trade and commerce, the increasing habit of travel, and the diffusion of the English language, have of late years done much to break down the walls of separation between different parts of India. An educated Indian is now at home in any of the larger cities. The National Congress holds its annual gatherings, which attract large throngs of delegates and visitors, in turn in every part of India. It is significant that the language used at these gatherings is English, the one tongue which makes men differing in race and language to understand each other. The ideas also are European. The emergence of a distinct Indian nationality among the

educated classes is possibly only a matter of time, if existing conditions endure. Whatever direction its predominant sentiments may ultimately take, it will owe its origin and inspiration to the English language and English political thought."

The young men who have passed from the schools of India to her universities have now a goal clearly before them, however distant it may be, and however difficult the mountain passes that lie between the India of to-day and that end. That goal is precisely the one which Queen Victoria outlined in 1858, and King Edward restated in 1908—a national life for India.

To be a nation—one people; this is the patriotism, new to India, that fires thousands of young educated Indians. They feel the glamour of the history of their land, yet they know that their own historic weakness—like that of the ancient Greek city confederations—has lain in jealousies and internal strife. As Greece was only fused under the dominion of Macedon or Rome, so India has only become one partially under the tyranny of the Moghuls, and completely under the *pax Britannica*. But, as she watches Japan

leaping to her place among the world-powers, and China setting up her new Republic, while even Turkey and Persia have their revolutions, educated India, from Lahore to Madras, from Bangalore to Delhi, and from Calcutta to Bombay feels in her veins the tingling of the new wine of Eastern nationalism.

India's problem, however, is immeasurably more difficult than that of Japan or China, by reason of caste and creed and of her vast inertia. Yet for that very reason her task may be all the more vital. For if she can, through common traditions, hopes, and sufferings, and a common loyalty to one government, bring into her one national spirit the Rajput's chivalry, the Mahratta's endurance, the Parsi's alertness, the Brahman's flexibility and subtlety, and the patience of her common folk, she will emerge a people whose life must immeasurably enrich the whole world.

The central problem, then, of India's future is to discover the sources of power and the channels of life from and through which she will best become a strong,

united people. How can that object be achieved ?

The policy of Britain is summed up by the Imperial message in which King Edward VII. said :—

“Steps are being continuously taken towards obliterating distinctions of race as the test for access to posts of public authority and power. In this path I confidently expect and intend the progress henceforward to be steadfast and sure, as education spreads, experience ripens, and the lessons of responsibility are well learned by the keen intelligence and apt capabilities of India.

“ . . . Important classes among you, representing ideas that have been fostered and encouraged by British rule, claim equality of citizenship, and a greater share in legislation and government. The politic satisfaction of such a claim will strengthen, not impair, existing authority and power.”

Two differing methods and sets of principles soon came into violent conflict, when the Indians began to work out their national ideals. The differences flamed into a free fight at the National Congress at Surat in December 1907, when ten thousand Indians

in a huge pavilion broke into roaring chaos, and thwacked one another's heads with staves.

The one party, with the war-cry of *Swaraj* or self-rule, had as leader a Sanskrit scholar, Tilak. Its first principle was to overturn the British rule as an essential to self-government. This might be done by bomb, dynamite, or assassin's knife, and—if and when opportunity came—by organised mutiny. These fiery revolutionists denied the benefits of British rule, invented a past Golden Age of Indian self-government, and were out for entire immediate self-government. The futility of their propaganda is written not simply in the inherent strength of British power to resist rebellion but in the truth that lies behind the words of an Indian feudatory chief of influence who, at a Conference in Bengal, hearing a speaker again and again speak of “the national opinion,” intervened angrily with the question :—

“What do you mean by the national opinion? Do you not know that there is no Indian nation; that, if the British authority were removed, some of the races of India might be at your throats at once;

and that the rule and authority of Bengalis would not be tolerated out of Bengal ? ”¹

When revolution of the *Swaraj* type comes to the point of practicality also, it is curious to see how loyalties created by the gifts that Britain has brought to India unexpectedly emerge. When the *Swadeshi* cry, “Boycott the British and the Christians ” was sounded, many Indian students took it up until the boycott of the missionary colleges, such as St John’s, Agra, and the Madras Christian College, was advocated by a wild minority. With a swift revulsion of feeling, the “old boys”—Brahmans as many of them were—rallied round their colleges and brilliantly and passionately defended them as the best and wisest friends of young India. The *esprit de corps* of the old school, with its sports and comradeships and talks under the Eastern sky, the new way of life and the fresh outlook on the world that the College had brought for the good of India—these things called irresistibly to the loyalty of the “old boys.” And more strangely still, when war was declared in August 1914, Tilak, who had just come from five years imprisonment

¹ Sir Andrew Fraser : *Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots.*

for sedition, toured Western India, calling Indians to the loyal support of the very *raj* to the destruction of which he had in earlier days devoted his energy.

The finest flower and promise of the second type of Indian nationalism was found in that courteous, brave politician, Gopal Krishna Gokhale, who died in February 1915. A Brahman of the highest caste, Gokhale renounced caste differences, and in poverty taught young India for a quarter of a century at Ferguson College, in his native town of Poona. He then fought his battles as leader of the National Congress, and as founder and head of the "Servants of India," a monastic body, bound by a vow as Knights of the Spirit to earn no money for themselves, to regard all Indians as brothers, without distinction of caste or creed, to engage in no personal quarrel, and to devote themselves to India—ascetic pilgrims of politics. In the book of rules of this Order Gokhale's attitude to the British *raj* is laid down.

"Its members frankly accept the British connection, as ordained, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, for India's good. Self-government on the lines of the

English colonies is their goal. This goal, they recognize, cannot be obtained without years of earnest and patient work and sacrifice worthy of the cause."

The supreme quality that made Gokhale the greatest Indian leader of his generation lay not in his intellect, which was great but not unique; nor in wealth, for he had none; but in his personal character. He did not know fear; he never lost his temper; he was clean of life and free from narrow ambition; he never truckled to the great nor bullied the feeble; and he never broke faith. If many Indians arise with his qualities, having in the words of the Imperial message of 1908, "learned the lessons of responsibility," the greatest problem of the *raj* in India will be solved. In a word the problem of the *raj* is that of creating character, and, as we hold, of creating Christian character.

The way in which this works out in detail may be illustrated from the problem of the Indians in South Africa in 1913. Indians, imported as cheap labour into South Africa, were being dealt with in point of personal freedom, taxation, and in other ways after a fashion that threatened open rebellion in

South Africa, and that inflamed feeling in India itself to the point of frenzy against British rule in both Africa and India. From Africa Gokhale cabled to India for a representative to go out to the Cape and state the Indian point of view. Two men went from India at the express wish of the Indians. The strange thing is that the men approved as representatives by non-Christian Indians were not only two young Englishmen, but were men who had gone out to India as Christian missionaries.

They sailed to Africa, spoke to Europeans and to Indians, drew out the sympathy and deepened the knowledge of the English by showing them the wonderful powers of Indian thought as revealed in the exquisite writings of the poet philosopher of to-day, Rabindranath Tagore, examined the conditions of Indian labour in South Africa, and arrived at conclusions which were conveyed to the Government in South Africa. One of these men came to Britain and conferred with the Government at home. As a result legislation was agreed upon which made a definite step in improvement and helped to steady Indian loyalty. Hard, unthinking British com-

merce scattered seeds of rebellion. Indian nationalists in need turned to Christian Englishmen, who understood them, and the bond of Empire was strengthened.

The story is one more illustration of the conclusion here suggested, that the problem of making our rule in India the true and lasting foundation for a united people that will realise all its true ambitions, lies in character—the character of the Britons who represent our leadership there, and of the Indians who lead their own people into fulness of life, character that will, in the concluding words of the Imperial message, “strengthen the wisdom and mutual goodwill that are needed for the achievement of a task as glorious as was ever committed to rulers and subjects in any State or Empire of recorded time.”

We shall then even more fully deserve the loyalty that rings through the verses of Mr Nizamut Jung, an Indian who, on the day when the Indian forces landed at Marseilles, wrote of England :—

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,
Have made a distant alien race
A part of thee!

'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice,
When first they heard the living voice
Of Liberty!

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to Honour, Glory, Fame,
And sunk in strife,
Thou found'st them, whom thy touch hath made
Man, and to whom thy breath conveyed
A nobler life!

They, whom thy love hath guarded long,
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
In love and faith,
Their heart-strings round thy heart entwine;
They are, they ever will be, thine,
In life—in death!

CHAPTER VII

THE SERVICE OF EMPIRE

Hasten the Kingdom, England ;
Look up across the narrow seas,
Across the great white nations to thy dark imperial
throne
Where now three hundred million souls attend on
thine august decrees ;
Ah, bow thine head in humbleness, the Kingdom is
thine own :
Not for the pride or power
God gave thee this in dower ;
But, now the West and East have met and wept
their mortal loss,
Now that their tears have spoken
And the long dumb spell is broken,
Is it nothing that thy banner bears the red eternal
cross ?

ALFRED NOYES.

WHEN Clive was persistently hazarding his life in achieving Empire in the Indian sub-continent, he would never in his wildest moments dream of the great goal that is to-day set before our rule in India. For vast as the dream of India's own future

is, taken by itself, it is immensely greater when looked at as a part of the Empire to which it belongs. And the range of our horizon widens and widens again when we think of our British Empire as being itself only a part of a still greater unity that has no frontiers and includes all men everywhere.

I

There is a great goal set before India. It is a more wonderful quest than lies before any nation on earth, because the Indian peoples are supremely equipped to discover, explore, and exercise the one form of empire under which man has never yet truly lived—the empire of the spirit.

It is the goal of an India in which there will still be Aryan and Dravidian, Rajput and Bengali, King-Emperor and peasant, Viceroy, Maharaja and *ryot*, richer and poorer; but in which none will be out-caste, nor oppressed by the cruel exercise of power, nor embittered by separation from the brotherhood of the people. It will be an India whose divisions will be healed, whose hopelessness will be quickened

into service, whose foulnesses will be cleansed. To lead India one step toward this goal is a cause for which any man might well be ready to live and die.

What are the barriers between the India of to-day and that goal? And by what means can she overcome them?

The goal cannot be reached by an India which throws aside the British *raj* that has brought to her, and can alone to-day retain for her, the internal peace in which she can work out her destinies. It can never be reached, on the other hand, by an India which, seeing the goal, is yet barred by us from responsibility for striving to reach it, or an India that herself "slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat." The goal cannot, again, be won by an India, the members of whose body are sundered by caste. As her great poet-philosopher Rabindranath Tagore writes:—

"The regeneration of the Indian people, to my mind, directly and perhaps solely depends upon the removal of this condition of caste. When I realise the hypnotic hold this gigantic system of cold-blooded

repression has taken on the minds of our people, whose social body it has so completely entwined in its endless evils that the free expression of manhood, even under the direst necessity, has become almost an impossibility, the only remedy that suggests itself to me is to educate them out of their trance. . . . Must we not have that greater vision of humanity which will impel us to shake off the fetters that shackle our individual life, before we begin to dream of national freedom ? ”

And India cannot move forward to her great destiny while she sits at the feet of a philosophy which declares that the world is an illusion, that life is essentially evil, that man is irredeemably chained to his past and must free himself from the results of his own sins through an eternity of weary reincarnations.

India cannot reach her true greatness while the myriads of her simple people bow in worship before such incarnations of God as Kali, the bloodthirsty, wearing her chaplet of human skulls, or Siva the destroyer ; or catch their ideals from Krishna, with his life story of sensual amours, or Ganesh, the gross, elephant-headed god,

while beneath these are the millions who worship the village demon-mother in a brick sprinkled with goats' blood.

Islam, again, has built a stupendous obstacle in the path, because it has led the peoples of India to entomb the women in the zenana. India has no progress before her if she, while worshipping the cow, condemns her women to a life in which they can never be comrades to her men. There are thousands of young Indians to-day who have no belief in the old idols, but who worship them at home because their mothers and sisters are still in the dark. On the other hand, India will never move towards her goal by mere mimicry of our still semi-pagan Western civilisation.

India's greatest powers are in the direction of the unseen world. But her religion is a stumbling-block so long as it continues to regard life as an evil prison from which to seek escape, and while the ideal of serving heaven is represented by a fakir who holds his hand above his head till his arm is withered and paralysed, instead of strengthening his arm for service of the weak.

Indian religion has built lovely temples



THE VIGOUR OF THE NEW GENERATION

—temples to Vishnu, the lines of which soar like a mountain peak; temples to Siva, immense and foursquare in their solid strength. Her sculptures are full of exquisite detail, and elaborated in a myriad fancies till the Western mind reels before the patient inventive ingenuity of ivory tracery and marble relief-carving.

In the South are great Hindu religious centres, like that at Tanjore, with its mighty fortress wall surrounded by a deep moat. Within the massive fortress, with its pyramid gateways, stand the temples, their walls one wonderful and intricate riot of gods and goddesses. The minds that planned this and other splendid temples were daring and devoted; for the temples are magnificent in scale, full of harmony, expressing one idea that is never lost in the wealth of detail. Yet, when the Government of India passed a law against obscene books or pictures, it was obliged to make an exception of the filthy carvings and inscriptions on the temples. There at Tanjore, and in a hundred other similar places, the lives of the ministering priests of these exquisite temples are foul and loathsome. Over

the entrance of the temple at Tanjore, as over the entrance of Hinduism, is written

OUTCASTES NOT ADMITTED.

We go to Madura, where there is another temple of bewildering gorgeousness ; and within it unspeakable beastliness, of which a man, whose whole life is given to training Indian students into Christian manhood, writes :—

“ I saw such filth and nameless abominations that I came away sickened and oppressed as I never felt before. . . . A religion that can tolerate such iniquity at its heart must be the unmanning and degradation of its people. My heart still burns within me.”¹

Or we visit Puri, where are the mighty temple and car of Jagganath, of which the same writer says :—

“ I saw the huge car with its fourteen enormous wheels, and the great white road, two miles long, down which the car is wheeled, and near the temple I saw little girls of six and ten, hardly clothed except

¹ W. E. S. Holland : “ A Tour in South India,” *The Challenge*, April 16, 1915.

with jewellery, whose bold faces showed they were being trained for the nameless life to which, through marriage to the god, they have been dedicated. It made one shudder ; turned one almost sick."

It is our conviction that the Hinduism which writes over its temple porches "Outcastes not admitted," yet includes in the very ritual of the temples beastly orgies, rears a Himālayan barrier between India and her goal. The fight towards a united, cleansed India will be won not through offerings to Ganesh or Kali, but through the worship of One who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," and who Himself died an outcaste from His people, to bring all outcastes into His Kingdom.

This is not theory. For there are in India now many sons of outcastes who are civil servants, schoolmasters, and university professors, doctors, and judges, who have been lifted from the hovel of the pariah into the honour of India, and to serve her common life, wholly and solely, through the Christian education given by the missionaries.

The barriers between India and her goal

include the race and caste divisions, the hopelessness of spirit, the impurity in life as in religion, the shackling of the life of women. Jesus Christ—not our Western Christianity, but our Lord Himself—can alone, through those who serve Him, level these barriers, razing to the ground race and caste and sex divisions in a Kingdom which has neither Greek nor barbarian, Brahman nor outcaste, male nor female. This service, which is changing the very thought of the best Hinduism, and is leading Brahmans to give their lives for the uplifting of their fellowmen, is essentially the duty of a people like our own, which owes debts that cannot be weighed or repaid to the Christian missionaries who came to Britain when we were heathen, and brought to us a religion that rose in the East. As D. G. Hogarth says of India :—

“ If modern Europe has taken some parts of the gorgeous East in fee, which were never held by Macedonian or Roman, let us remember in our pride of race that almost all that the Macedonians and the Romans did hold in Asia has been lost to the West ever since. Europe may and probably will prevail there again, but

since it must be by virtue of a civilization in whose making a religion born of Asia has been the paramount, indispensable factor, will the West even then be more creditor than debtor of the East? ”¹

That Christian religion has been “ a paramount, indispensable factor ” in leading us toward the goal which our British life has by no means reached. It is to-day doing the same in India. As Lord Roberts, Lord Grenfell, and Lord Methuen wrote in a letter for private circulation among army officers going on foreign service: “ We commend to you these missionaries, whose special work it is to show to non-Christian peoples the love of the Christ whom we profess to serve, as a body of men and women who are working helpfully with the Government, and contributing to the elevation of the people in a way impossible to official action.” These three great field-m Marshals go on to say that, if the officers will look into the work of the Christian missionaries, “ you will never afterwards condemn or belittle them. . . . Some of the noblest characters we have met have been missionaries, and the friendships we have

¹ *The Ancient East.* Home University Library.

made with them are among our cherished memories."

The greatest force, then, in removing the barriers that bar the way for India, and in leading her toward her goal, is the Christian temper and character that we found in Lawrence, Carey, Havelock, and Duff, working in the administrator and the missionary, the engineer, the judge, the professor, and the merchant.

II

Those old heroes, however, Clive at Merchant Taylors', Dalhousie at Harrow, Lawrence at Haileybury, Duff at St Andrews, Wellesley and Lord Roberts at Eton, Pennell at Eastbourne, Henry Martyn at Truro, were preparing themselves not to imitate but to initiate, not to drive on safe roads made by their fathers, but to venture on new tracks into unknown perils. They knew that it is a greater thing to make a precedent than to follow one. They were true sons of

a race high-handed, strong of heart,
Sea-rovers, conquerors, builders in the waste.

They ask us not to do what they did, but to share their venturesome spirit. To

go as far as they did into adventure we must go farther. For we start where they left off.

They hand to us a priceless heritage, won at the cost of their lives. Because of what they were and what they did, incalculable millions of men depend on us to-day—tall bearded Sikhs, and short, sturdy Gurkhas, South Indian girls on tea plantations, a hundred thousand brown workmen in Bombay factories, Maharajas in palaces, outcastes in fetid hovels, Indian labourers in African goldfields. These and uncounted others, brown, black, and yellow, in lands from the coral islands of the South Pacific to the remotest Orkney, from the harbours of Hong Kong and Singapore and Calcutta to the mountain summits of the Himālayas and the snows of Klondike, from the heart of the deepest forest in Central Africa to the limitless, treeless plains of Australia, are irrevocably linked with the destinies of our world-scattered Anglo-Saxon tribe.

III

In face of this heritage, can we climb to a peak of thought and action worthy of

Gordon's life and Outram's fame?

Is there a scale of plan and action which will merge our *raj* in a still wider rule, so that the present British Empire would be a province of a still greater Empire for which our rule must be ready to live and, if need be, to die? We have already seen, when looking at India, that our goal for her was one that will end in discrowning all tyranny, healing all divisions, cleansing her of all cruelty. That plan on a world-scale is the greater conception of Empire which we are called to serve, the Empire which we name every day when we say, "Thy Kingdom come."

Livingstone, a pioneer of that Empire, feeling with a shudder his heel go through the whitening skull of an African boy in a burnt village devastated by slave-raiders, set himself single-handed to destroy the slave-trade. Stricken a score of times with fever, threatened by the guns of Arabs and the spears of savages, famished, lonely, with aching back and bleeding feet, he trudged on for year after lonely year, till he could not stand; and then, when every movement was agony, still went on, lying in a litter, tracking the slave-raider to his last lair. He died in the inner heart of

Central Africa with only his black companions by him ; but, because of what he was and saw and recorded, to-day from the Cape to Cairo, up five thousand miles of British territory, no man may shackle the hand of another or call him slave. His spirit was that crystallized in Principal Fairbairn's great saying : " For a brave man to know that an evil is, is simply to know that it has to be vanquished." For Livingstone, a supremely brave man, to see that immense and powerful evil of the slave trade was " simply to know that it had to be vanquished." Livingstone, a pioneer of the British Empire, was fighting for the greater Empire of Christ.

Carey, seeing a young Hindu widow writhing in frightful agony under the bamboo withes that bound her to her dead husband's funeral pyre, set himself by speech and printing-press to fight the practice of *sati*. For Carey to see that evil was " simply to know that it has to be vanquished." He too was fighting for that greater Empire.

To the extent of abolishing slave-trading where the British rule extends in Africa, and *sati* in India, our British Empire is playing its part in the campaigns of the

Empire of God the Father, who is justice and mercy. That "Kingdom without frontiers" is set to bring under the rule of its King of Kings all lands and races, all types of men, all rank, every custom of society, the rules of industry, the spirit of government, and the conduct of diplomacy.

We are set to achieve an Empire in which there will still be black and brown and yellow and white, but in which the man of each race will feel the dignity of his own and his fellow's manhood, and will, with joyful face, bring the strength of his own talent into it.

To that Empire we are called to bring "the Roman's strength without his pride," and his justice without cruelty; the beauty and thought of Greece without her lusts; the awe and meditative craving of India without her sloth; the warm heart of Africa unfettered by her grossness; the energy and honour of Britain, freed from her greed.

A British boy or girl to-day, wondering what the future holds for him or her, has the splendid lives of these heroes as a heritage, and all "the rapture of the forward view" of the world-empire of Christ.

The arms with which its battles will be fought, the picks and spades with which its foundations will be dug, the trowels with which its walls will be built, and the ploughs with which its fields will be tilled, will be hammered out of

Iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom to shape
and use.

So high an imperial task as this will not be dared and accomplished by any one force or in any brief campaign. Above all, it will not be achieved by machinery.

As a war is carried through by the cooperation of all the arms—on sea, and land, and in air—so this Empire will be achieved through enlistment for the common service of God on the part of the civil servant and the missionary, the schoolmaster and the boy, the mistress and her girls, the merchant, the soldier and sailor, the Member of Parliament and the Lieutenant-Governor, the engineer and the planter.

When a soldier came to enlist in the service of the Emperor in the days of Rome he took a vow of fealty to his

sovereign-lord, and that solemn oath of enlistment was called the *sacramentum*. And as he went out to his drill-ground or campaign the soldier repeated his *sacramentum*. This greater Empire demands of us to-day a still deeper, stronger *sacramentum* of fealty to the King of Kings—enlistment absolute of body, mind, and spirit, for the period of the war—which is for life.

Those who thus enlist with these aims will indeed without measure find

Fights for the fearless and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on.

If our Empire is to become a true *imperium in Imperio*, serving within and for the higher dominion of the Kingdom of God, it will achieve that place because it is served by men who are consciously growing toward “the fulness of the stature of the manhood” of the King of that supreme Empire, Jesus Christ our Lord, whose we are and whom we serve.

BOOKS FOR ADDITIONAL READING

BIOGRAPHY.

- Bayard of India, The.* (Life of Outram.) Capt. L. TROTTER.
Carey, Life of William. GEORGE SMITH.
Dent. Everyman Series. 1s. net each.
- Clive and Warren Hastings, Macaulay's.* With Introductions and Notes by V. A. SMITH. Clarendon Press. 2s. each.
- Duff, Life of.* GEORGE SMITH. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
- Lawrence, Life of Lord.* BOSWORTH SMITH.
- Nicholson, Life of.* Captain L. TROTTER.
Nelson. 1s. net each.
- Pennell, Hero of the Afghan Frontier.* ALICE M. PENNELL. Seeley Service. 2s. 6d.
- Tagore, Rabindranath.* ERNEST RHYS. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.
- Rulers of India.* A series edited by Sir W. W. HUNTER, and issued by the Clarendon Press. Contains valuable studies by authoritative writers on Akbar, Clive, Ranjit Singh, Dalhousie, Henry Lawrence, Canning, Lord Lawrence, and others. 2s. 6d. net each, the volume on Asoka being 3s. 6d. net.
- Sketches of Rulers of India.* Abridged from the above by G. D. OSWELL. Vol. I., The Mutiny and After; Vol. II., The Company's Governors; Vol. III., The Governors-General; Vol. IV., The Princes of India. Clarendon Press. 2s. net each.
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HISTORY.

- Aryans, The.* M. WINTERITZ. Cambridge University Press. 1s. net. Brief, clear, fresh.
- Brief History of the Indian Peoples, A.* Sir W. W. HUNTER. Revised up to 1903 by W. H. Hutton. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.
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